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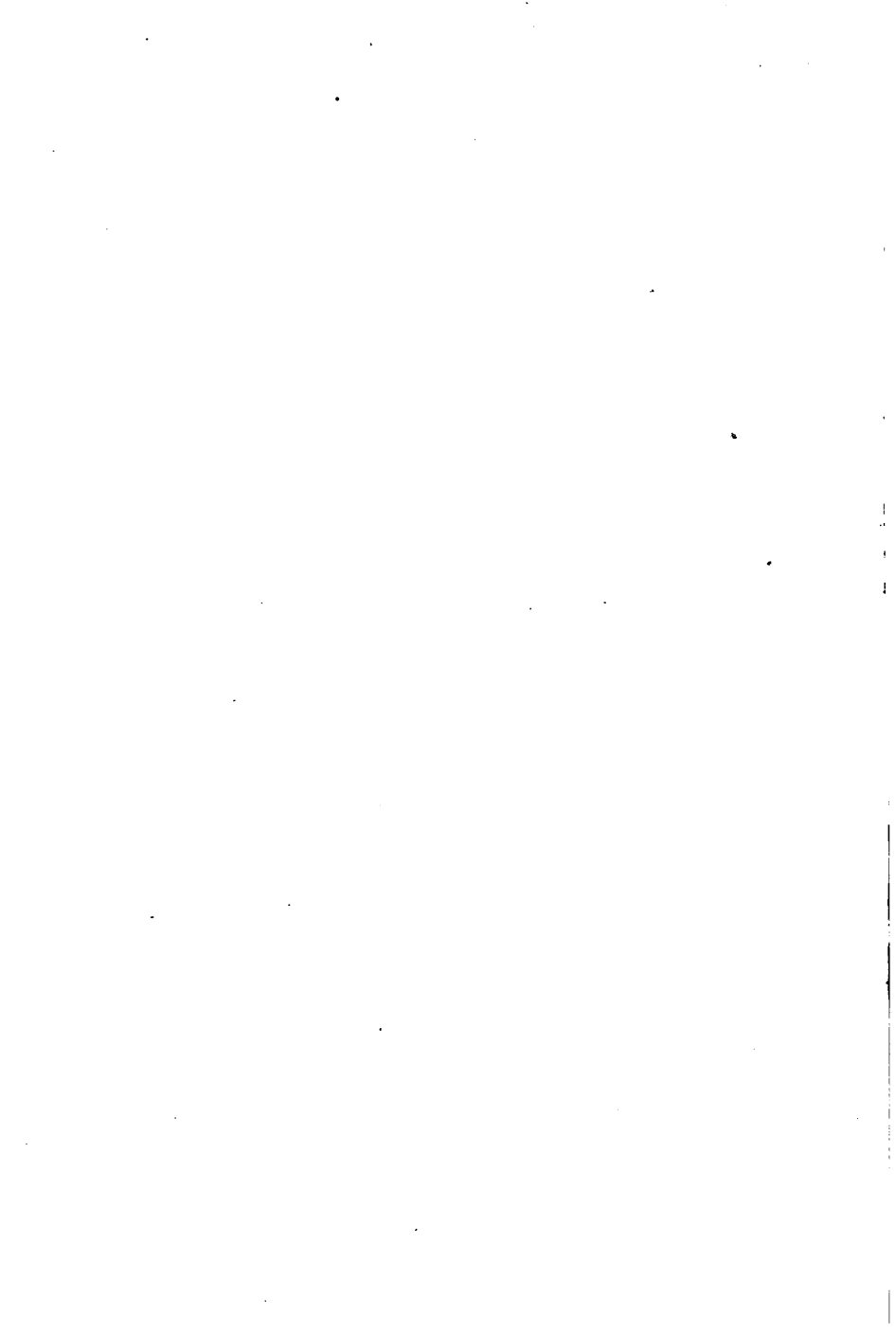


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**THE LAKESIDE
LITERATURE READERS
SEVENTH GRADE**

WITH NOTES AND QUESTIONS



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INTRODUCTION

Representative selections which appeal closely to children in the grades have been included in the Lakeside Literature Readers. Ready, accurate thought getting, natural expression, the development of good taste, and the desire to seek wider acquaintance with the world's best literature, should be natural results of a proper study of the selections in this series.

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LAKESIDE LITERATURE READER

SEVENTH GRADE. CLOTH. ILLUSTRATED. PRICE 50 CENTS

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743-1826

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



On June 11, 1776, a committee of five was appointed to draft a declaration in compliance with the resolution which had been introduced on June 7, by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, declaring that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent states. The chairman of this committee of five was Thomas Jefferson, who wrote our great charter of freedom. Associated with him were John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingstone. It received the unanimous vote of the Congress on July 4, 1776.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In Congress, July 4, 1776.

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the

forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government.

The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known

rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States, of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by Authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States,

they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor. JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire—JOSIAH BARTTLET, WM. WHIPPLE, MATTHEW THORNTON.

Massachusetts Bay — SAML. ADAMS, JOHN ADAMS, ROB'T TREAT PAINE, ELBRIDGE GERRY.

Rhode Island—STEP. HOPKINS, WILLIAM ELLERY.

Connecticut—ROGER SHERMAN, SAM'EL HUNTINGTON, WM. WILLIAMS, OLIVER WOLCOTT.

New York—WM. FLOYD, PHIL. LIVINGSTON, FRANS. LEWIS, LEWIS MORRIS.

New Jersey—RICHD. STOCKTON, JNO. WITHERSPOON, FRAS. HOPKINSON, JOHN HART, ABRA. CLARK.

Pennsylvania — ROBT. MORRIS, BENJAMIN RUSH, BENJA. FRANKLIN, JOHN MORTON, GEO. CLYMER, JAS. SMITH, GEO. TAYLOR, JAMES WILSON, GEO. ROSS.

Delaware—CAESAR RODNEY, GEO. READ, THO. M'KEAN.

Maryland—SAMUEL CHASE, WM. PACA, THOS. STONE, CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton.

Virginia—GEORGE WYTHE, RICHARD HENRY LEE, TH. JEFFERSON, BENJA. HARRISON, THOS. NELSON, Jr., FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE, CARTER BRAXTON.

North Carolina—WM. HOOPER, JOSEPH HEWES, JOHN PENN.

South Carolina — EDWARD RUTLEDGE, THOS. HEYWARD, JUNR., THOMAS LYNCH, JUNR., ARTHUR MIDDLETON.

Georgia — BURTON GWINNETT, LYMAN HALL, GEO. WALTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732-1799

FAREWELL ADDRESS

“Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old,
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
* * * * *
Mother of states and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country giving him.”
LOWELL, “Under the Old Elm.”



Washington issued his farewell address to the people of the United States, September 17, 1796, which was a few months before the expiration of his second term as President. He had been mentioned for a third term, and he took this course to show to the people that he did not consider it wise for him to undertake the responsibility of the high office another four years.

He had earned the rest he so much craved, but was permitted to live only three short years in peace and retirement at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon on the banks of the Potomac.

In reading this address, which, if not a model, is a most excellent specimen of good English, we should remember that it was written more than a hundred years ago, and by one who had rendered the greatest possible service to his country.

It is a prophecy.* The dangers he points out have been met and are by no means passed. Civil war rent the land in twain and its healing cost thousands of precious lives and many millions of borrowed treasure. The antagonism between capital and labor is far from being ended.

The evils that threaten good government in our large cities are increasing. There is scarcely a plea or a warning in this whole address that is not applicable to the present condition of affairs in our Nation. Its reading and study should be made a most earnest and emphatic lesson in the duties and importance of true patriotism and high-minded citizenship.



FAREWELL ADDRESS

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn.

The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed toward the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do

not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and

the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, and of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. And justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and

speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But with these considerations, however powerful they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the production of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce

expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets of its own productions to the weight, influence and future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to

produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts,

is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourself too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This

government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above

description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little less than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society

within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of persons and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of the men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and

enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to preserve its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the forms of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness

to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be con-

ceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Is it substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belong to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less incon-

venient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and in-

jury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one, the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions, to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the art of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are

essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distinct situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character, that; by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to

warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude of your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22nd of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in

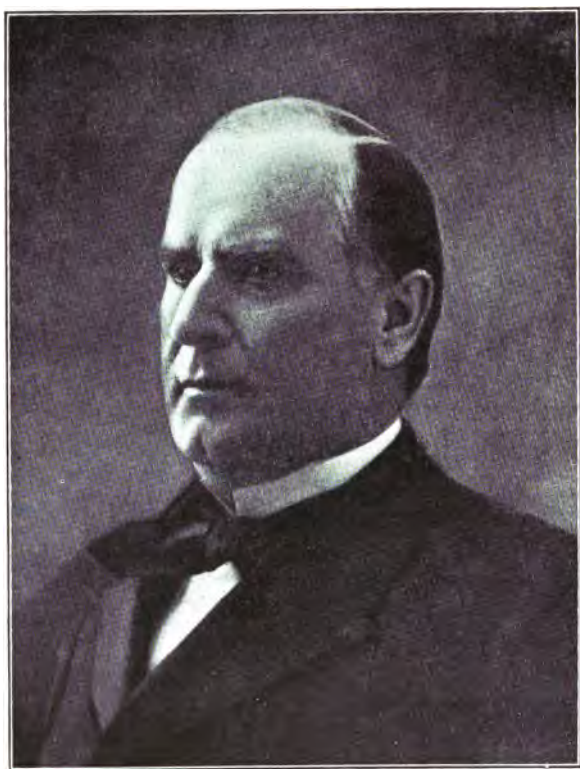
cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



WILLIAM McKINLEY

1843-1901

**Address delivered at the Pan-American Exposition,
Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1901.**

This retrospective view of what the nineteenth century accomplished, and the presentation of the needs and possibilities of the twentieth century along the lines of national and international commerce and comity, was a masterpiece of forensic efforts, and will remain a memorable specimen of excellent English.

In many statements it is epigrammatic; it is full of the optimistic spirit; the doctrine of reciprocity was never more clearly outlined. His own plans and purposes for the progress of the nation and the advancement of the world following the "victories of peace," are succinctly and strongly stated. It is a valuable lesson in history, geography, commerce and patriotism. From the Declaration of Independence to this memorable address of William McKinley, from 1776 to 1901, what vast achievements have been accomplished in discovery, in invention, in trade and commerce, in agriculture and manufacture and best of all in the progress of human liberty and the amelioration of mankind.

William McKinley was a great man, a good man, and it has been said of him that "from birth he was following God's way under the guidance of his mother—the old-fashioned mother truly worthy of that precious name."

Again it is said and this should be impressed upon our young people, "His main endeavor seemed to be to acquire an education so as to put himself in a position to aid in bettering the straightened circumstances which surrounded the family. He toiled at his books, labored at anything that presented itself during vacations to earn money for more books and more schooling."

We may change and then apply to him the couplet he used:
He will live beyond his too short living,
With praises and thanksgiving.

LAST ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY

I am glad to be again in the City of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored.

To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student.

Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the

whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor.

The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation, for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity.

The wisdom and energy of all nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory. After all, how near one to another is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples, and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political di-

visions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced.

Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined.

The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed.

How different now! We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas.

God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as

we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstandings and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain, we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, so that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why

should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communications with the western coasts of Central America, South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated

with the Pan-American movement, which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear, this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

"Make it live beyond its too short living
With praises and thanksgiving."

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition?

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all but, more essential than these relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891

**THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL
THE PRESENT CRISIS
AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH
TO THE DANDELION**



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. His father was a Boston clergyman of high character and scholarship, while his mother was a great lover of poetry and romance.

At the age of fifteen he entered Harvard College. As a student he did not distinguish himself, preferring to read what suited him rather than master the tasks set before him. He was popular with his classmates, being chosen editor of the college magazine in his senior year and also class poet. Owing to remissness in duty he was suspended from college and so could not be present to read his poem on class-day. Although he had it printed for his companions he never allowed it to appear among his collected poems.

After graduation he decided, with some hesitation to study law, and after receiving his degree from the Harvard Law School he opened an office in Boston. But he had no liking for the business and soon abandoned it, deciding to devote himself to a literary life.

At the beginning he met with some discouragements which were all the more disturbing because he was anxious to marry and, besides, his father had recently lost his fortune. But he wrote many poems and essays for the magazines besides publishing a collection of his productions, from all of which he began to receive an income sufficient to enable him to marry, in 1844, the noble and cultivated woman whom he had long loved.

Lowell's earliest literary productions while brilliant and forcible lacked in sympathy and kindliness of spirit

toward those who were oppressed or in distress, somewhat as Sir Launfal lacked as he issued from his castle. But through the influence of Miss White, who became his wife, his literary interests took a wider range and his ambition became nobler. Henceforth the cause of human freedom was always near to his heart and his foremost theme.

Lowell with his bride settled at Cambridge in Elmwood, the house in which he was born and raised and which continued to be his home until his death. Now he devoted himself to unremitting and earnest work. For four years he sent a contribution every week to one of the foremost anti-slavery journals besides doing a great deal of other work. It was a period of unrest in our country and the discussion over slavery had become hot and even bitter. Then came our war with Mexico over the annexation of Texas. Lowell saw keenly its unrighteous features, and he exposed them with most biting satire in the "Biglow Papers."

During these years of agitation in which as Hosea Biglow he was so effectively pricking the conscience of his countrymen Lowell brought out another satire, but in quite a different vein, "The Fable for Critics." In a poem full of the keenest wit and insight and yet alive to every excellence he portrays the American authors of that day individually, not omitting himself. These two poems showed that Lowell had no equal in the line of satirical writing, whether his theme was literary criticism or a political question vitally concerning the future of his country and his race.

In the same year in which the "Fable for Critics" was written appeared the "Vision of Sir Launfal," which is considered the best of his serious poems.

But in these years, happy and busy as they were, the health of his wife was slowly failing. In spite of a trip to Europe and all else that could be done for her she died in October, 1853. On the same day a daughter was born to Longfellow, and in that beautiful poem the "Two Angels" the elder poet tried to console his friend:

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door!

By addresses in Boston and elsewhere Lowell had won for himself a high place as a writer and critic of culture and power. Longfellow resigned the professorship of modern languages in Harvard in 1854, and soon after Lowell was chosen as his successor. He was allowed two years' leave of absence which he spent in study in Europe. In 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in Boston to be the organ more particularly of the noted writers of New England. Lowell was one of its first editors, giving to it for four years his most earnest effort and ripest thought, generally along political lines. Resigning the editorship of the *Atlantic* he became one of the conductors of the *North American Review*, the venerable magazine in which "Thanatopsis" had appeared before Lowell was born.

The outbreak of the Rebellion roused Lowell's patriotism to a white heat that found expression in another series of "Biglow Papers" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* at intervals during the war. They met with even warmer approval than did the first series. The English language contains no satire equal to the stinging but just lines of "Jonathan to John."

During these years various volumes of Lowell's collected prose and verse appeared, all adding to his reputation as the foremost all-round literary man of America.

Among these volumes are "Among My Books," "My Study Windows," "Under the Willows," and "Hearts-ease and Rue."

Lowell had become eminent strictly as a writer. He had, indeed, discussed political subjects with wit and logic that commanded attention, but he had held no public office.

In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes Minister to Spain, a post which had been filled a half-century before with credit and personal advantage by another man of letters, Washington Irving. In 1879 Lowell was transferred from Madrid to London.

No American minister ever was more popular with the British people. As a scholar and writer he had become well known to them by several visits as well as by his books. His Americanism, while pronounced, was of that broad, invincible kind which commanded the approval of all Englishmen. As a consequence he was invited by them to deliver addresses on many notable occasions and he always did honor to his country and to himself. After a three years' service, upon a change of administration in our government, Mr. Lowell returned to his home. Dr. Holmes greeted him with a poem in which he wittily honors his success as an American Minister:

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung sawdust in their eyes,—

Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

In 1886 Lowell published the more important of the many addresses he had delivered in England in a single volume, "Democracy," the subject of one of the fullest and richest addresses in it. While abroad he was always the champion of the institutions of his country. In his addresses at home he did not hesitate to point out the defects in our political and social system. In 1888 his volume of "Political Essays" was published and also his last volume of poetry, "Heartsease and Rue."

Lowell died August 12, 1891, in his seventy-second year, universally honored by his fellow countrymen as a patriotic American who was eminent both as a man of letters and as a man of affairs.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

According to a very old tradition the Holy Grail was a cup made of one great sapphire, out of which Jesus drank wine at the last supper. The tradition says the cup was brought by Joseph of Arimathea into England and preserved in his family for many years, an object of adoration by pilgrims. He who took charge of the sacred vessel was put under a vow to be chaste and pure of heart. One of Joseph's descendants broke his vow of chastity and the Holy Grail disappeared. It became an object of devout search throughout the world by the knights of the Round Table, and at last was found by the stainless Sir Galahad.

To suit his purpose Lowell, according to his own

statement, has "enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the supposed date of Arthur's reign." He also has broadened the story so as to make charity and brotherly love as well as chastity the condition of success in searching for the Holy Grail.

In his vision Sir Launfal enters upon his search with high aims, but a proud heart. As he dashes out into the beautiful morning a crouching beggar at his castle gate arouses no sympathy in his heart. A piece of gold tossed in scorn is his only answer to a fellow man's appeal. But in his years of search, typifying the ardent aspirations of many an earnest soul through life, his heart becomes changed, he comes to look upon his fellows with different eyes. Instead of the cross of Christ being emblazoned on his surcoat, its real meaning had been impressed deep in his soul. When he remembers how he caged up his young life in selfish comfort when he started out on his pious errand, his heart puts on the dust and ashes of humility. Beneath the rags of the leper he now sees a brother man. He has been to the ends of the earth in search of the Holy Grail, only to find it at his own door, when genuine charity and love for his fellow men take possession of his heart.

The lesson of the poem appeals to every true man or woman, old or young. The discipline of life as we grow from youth to age enforces the lesson. The popularity of the poem is explained by the fact, true of every great poem, that it portrays the common experience of mankind.

It should not diminish our appreciation and love of

the poem to understand that as a work of art it does not always conform to the highest standards. Critics point out that the moral reflections with which the poem opens are out of place in a poem which needs no interpretation. Also the famous passage which follows these reflections, beginning, "And what is so rare as a day in June," has no vital connection with the real poem. This lack of unity of structure in *Sir Launfal* will be better realized when it is compared with the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The verse of *Sir Launfal* at times is wanting in melody, as will be perceived by reading it aloud with the ear tuned by such a poem as Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes."

However, these defects weigh but slightly against the great merits of this noble work.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

I

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are
flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,

The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome
gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;

But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread 'of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak.
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams.
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and
here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one;
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is very corbel and rafter

With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap

And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,

Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
 And rattles and wrings
 The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome
thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold through him, I give to thee!”

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
‘Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side;
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
 pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal woke as from a swoond:
 "The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

NOTES

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

Lines 9-10. An allusion to the line "Heaven lies about us in our infancy" in Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.

12. *We Sinais climb*. Mount Sinai, the mountain upon which Moses talked with God. See Exodus 19 and 24. Now can you explain the phrase, "We Sinais climb"?†

17. *Druid wood*. The Druids were the priests of the ancient Britons, aged and venerable men. The venerableness of the wood and also its power to bless are suggested by the epithet "druid."

25. *At the Devil's booth are all things sold.* Everything we buy from the Devil—everything evil—we have to pay for, by suffering or in some other way.

27. *Cap and bells.* Trinkets of the clown or court fool of olden times. Here, the worthless baubles we sometimes strive for at the expense of our souls.

35. *Then Heaven tries, etc.* Does this line bring to your mind the musician trying his instrument and listening carefully to see if it is in tune?

42. *Climbs to a soul, etc.* The clod obeys an instinct which develops it into grass and flowers which seem to have souls.

56. *Nice.* Delicately discriminating.

57. *Now.* In June.

60-61. These two lines are figurative, of course.

PART FIRST

4. *Holy Grail.* See the Introduction on page 5.

33. *Drawbridge.* See illustration in the dictionary.

42. *Locust-leaf.* A very small and light leaf.

49. *Gloomed.* Kept itself in gloom.

73. All-sustaining beauty, the spirit of God which unites all in one.

77. Stored a large quantity.

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

11. *Groined.* A groin is the line of intersection of two arches.

17. *Crypt.* The pillared basement of a church. Dark, like a forest.

18. *Steel-stemmed.* With trunks sparkling like steel.

23. *Arabesques.* A kind of ornamentation mingling fruits, flowers, leaves and animals curiously intertwined.

40. *Corbel.* The support for the spring of an arch.

43. *Yule-log.* The back-log of the fire-place brought in at Christmas.

60. *Seneschal.* An officer who superintended the feasts given by his lord.

PART SECOND

16. *Surcoat.* An outer garment worn by a warrior over his mail.

17. *The sign.* The cross.

20. *Idle.* Useless.

40. *Desolate horror.* Because lepers were outcasts and not allowed to mingle with other men.

52. *Leprosie.* So spelled to give an antique flavor as well as a stronger rhyme.

68. *Beautiful Gate*. Alluding to "the gate of the temple that is called Beautiful" where Peter healed the lame man.

136. *Olympus*. The fabled dwelling-place of the gods.

139. *Spectre*. Vision, view.

142. *Thunderer's bird*. The eagle that snatched up Gany-mede to be Jove's cup-bearer. Had I but been allowed a glimpse, "a swift-betraying vision," of the future!

156. *Thetis*. A sea-goddess who was so beautiful that even Jupiter became enamored of her.

160. *Lacoön*. An old, twisted (writhed) oak is compared to the ancient priest who with his two sons was crushed to death by two sea-serpents who wound themselves around the bodies of their victims.

165. *O days*. The memory of whose glorious hopes subdues (or lightly regards) the rough hair of Ocean's bristled (aroused) neck and makes it seem like soft down.

169. *Apennine*. Where did Columbus live as a boy?

171. Does this vision refer to the Amazon or the Orinoco or the Mississippi?

181. *Cretan bees*. According to one tradition Jupiter was born in the island of Crete and was fed on honey.

187. *The Tuscan*. Dante. In Dante's great poem, Columbus says he found in what Ulysses describes a confirmation of his "great idea."

191. *Wise Athenian*. Plato, who is one of the earliest writers to mention Atlantis, a large island, which, according to tradition, was situated in the Atlantic Ocean.

192. *Björne Herjulfson*. One of the first Norsemen to visit the coast of North America, in 986, it is supposed. That part of the coast which the Norsemen explored, probably including New England, they called Vinland on account of the abundance of grapes which they found growing there.

202. *Simeon Stylites*. The pillar-saint, lived in the fifth century. He is said to have lived about thirty years on the top of a column sixty feet high surmounted with a platform four feet in diameter.

219. *Spirit select*. The spirit chosen by God to accomplish his great purposes.

228. *Complement*. Something that fills out. The trial or test of any soul is proportioned to its strength.

259. *Cyclopean*. Gigantic.

264. *Leander*. A youth of Abydos who, according to the story, nightly swam across the Hellespont to visit his loved Hero who held a burning torch to guide him.

272. *Just as, etc.* The figure personifies the wind, which had been blowing from the west a good deal but had ceased, as a master of a pack of hounds who calls them off from the trail they are following.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

1.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

2.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantane-
ous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to
and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips
apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath
the Future's heart.

3.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies
with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by
the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the
nobler clod.

4.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right
or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast
frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy
or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.

5.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

6.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
wrong.

7.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments
see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment
hath passed by.

8.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but
record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and
the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
his own.

9.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is
great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within,—

"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

10.

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched
the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless
children play?

11.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

12.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

13.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns
not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each
generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-
hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
heaven upturned.

14.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden
urn.

15.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime?

16.

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's;

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,

Hoarding it in moldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

17.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are
traitors to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-
fires;

Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our
haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-
day?

18.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

December, 1845.

NOTES

In 1844-45 the discussion of the question whether or not it was wrong to hold black men as slaves was very earnest in our country. The people were taking sides upon the question. Measures were proposed in Congress and in public meetings which indicated that the question might be settled by act of Congress. It was the general feeling that a crisis had been reached and that slavery must be abolished in our country or be more directly recognized and sustained by the Federal Government. Hence Lowell's subject "*The Present Crisis*." It was only a few months after the poem was published that the "Wilmot Proviso" was introduced in Congress which was the first definite proposition voted on in Congress to prevent the extension of slavery into new territory. It was defeated in the Senate. The real crisis did not come until 1860.

This is among the noblest of Lowell's poems, and is particularly marked by directness and simplicity of style. It was written as an appeal to the slumbering conscience of the nation and had a most powerful effect.

Stanza 1. *The energy sublime of a century.* It had been about a century since the right and wrong of slavery had begun to trouble the consciences of men, and the contest seemed about to culminate.

Why is the stem of time called "thorny?"

2. *Travail of the Ages.* The toil and anguish which are forever in the world because of the conflict between truth and error, between right and wrong.

3. Do you feel the power in the description of a slave, as a "corpse crawling round unburied, delving in the nobler clod?"

5. *God's new Messiah.* Christ, the embodiment of truth and love, was God's first Messiah, or anointed messenger. So when a great question has to be settled, it comes before men somewhat like a messenger, calling them to espouse the side of right.

6. *Doom.* The final judgment is personified as a judge who has traveled much (as shown by his sandals being "worn") in dispensing justice and who may depart from our land and leave it to suffer the punishment which seems impending.

7. *Not an ear in court or market.* The thought is, that in all these decisive periods in history, no one in court or market-place seems to have understood the significance of events as they happened; that the vast importance to mankind of the turn taken by affairs after any particular contest has never been realized

until after the crisis has passed and a new order of things, better or worse, has become established.

Can you mention any "beacon-moments" in history which illustrate the poet's meaning?

8. *Avenger*. The power in the world which follows up the deeds of men and sees that punishment or reward is justly measured out.

One death-grapple, etc. All history is but the record of the long contest between old systems which have been wrong or unjust, and newer systems based on a higher view of human character and human rights, a view which is represented by the Word, or Christ.

9. *Oracular*. Possessed of the power to foresee the future.

Delphic cave. Near Delphi in Greece was a cave in which a prophetess was believed to dwell who answered all questions asked her in regard to the future. Our souls are such a voice within us, foretelling what will follow a wrong deed.

10. *Cyclops*. The cyclops were a mythological race of one-eyed giants.

Famished in his self-made desert. One of the arguments against slavery was that it tended to impoverish, or at least to retard, any State which maintained it.

Yet unblasted regions. Remember the pro-slavery party of the South sought to have laws passed by Congress which would make slavery legal in new States (yet unblasted regions) when admitted to the Union, and strongly maintained that slave property should be regarded as legal property in all our States.

13. *Calvaries*. Mount Calvary, where Christ was crucified, is the symbol of a course of conduct which leads to trial or martyrdom.

Credo, etc. That creed which affirms the equality and brotherhood of mankind.

Stood God-conquered, etc. Since man first acknowledged God as his creator and father.

14. *Where today, etc.* The figure seems to be this: An unpopular truth is ardently espoused today by a man who is practically a martyr in consequence of the derision or contempt heaped upon him; he is deserted and betrayed by those who have stood by him for a time; the trials he has to endure for his cause even reach a more serious point,—symbolized by the cross and the stake, which he sees to be inevitable if he continues devoted to his truth. Finally, after his death the world sees that he was right, accepts his truth and pays him the highest homage,—symbolized by the golden urn in which his ashes are collected. Such is the history of human progress. This 14th stanza is a commentary on the 13th, an elucidation of the fact that the heretics of one age are regarded as heroes by the next.

15. The thought is, we can as well heroically accept and champion new truths for our own day as be bound up in our pride in the virtues of our ancestors. Those who believe that their forefathers were exactly right, regard any new doctrine (light) as a crime. Did the Pilgrims believe just as their fathers did? If so, what brought them to the new world? What was the new light which they received?

16. *Iconoclasts.* Literally those who break images which men worship; here those who attack inherited opinions or customs which they deem wrong.

Their truth our falsehood. Their great truth was religious liberty (at least for themselves). They fought for their truth and won. We are proud of them and we think falsely that we are free because they were; while in fact we are afraid to grapple with the wrong of negro slavery, against which the same great impulse—devotion to freedom—should move us, which drove them to seek new homes in New England.

17. *Their creed our jailer.* Another's creed becomes our jailer when we are so perfectly satisfied with it that we can see no truth outside of it.

Prophets of today. Such as Garrison, Lovejoy, Phillips and others who condemned slavery as a fearful crime, and who suffered abuse—Lovejoy was killed—from those who believed in it. Some defended slavery because for generations it had been practiced in our country, while many quoted from the Old Testament—"from the tombs of the old prophets"—passages to prove that it was right because it was maintained by the Israelites, God's chosen people.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH

I sat one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light, half gloom,
Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curled round the bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of the ruddy glow
That bloomed on wall and ceiling;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men)
Smoothed down their knotted fronts, and grew
As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish chair
Felt thrills through wood and leather,
That had been strangers since whilere,
Mid Andalusian heather,
The oak that made its sturdy frame
His happy arms stretched over
The ox whose fortunate hide became
The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark,
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepit;
For, as that saved of bird and beast
A pair for propogation,
So has the seed of these increased
And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats,
But those slant precipices
Of ice the northern voyager meets
Less slippery are than this is;
To cling therein would pass the wit
Of royal man or woman,
And whatsoe'er can stay in it
Is more or less than human.

I offer to all bores this perch,
Dear well-intentioned people
With heads as void as week-day church,
Tongues longer than the steeple;
To folks with missions, whose gaunt eyes
See golden ages rising,—
Salt of the earth! in what queer Guys
Thou'rt fond of crystallizing!

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,

Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature forms
Merely to fill the street with,
Once turned to ghosts by hungry worms,
Are serious things to meet with;
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I'm not averse to
A quiet shade, even they are folks
One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish—
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly bored
With toasts, and songs and speeches,
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches:
They understand us Pilgrims! they,
Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared away,
And varnish in their places!

"We had some toughness in our grain,
The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
Of drawing-room Tyrtauses:

They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy!
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.

“He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
That were not good at bending;
The homespun dignity of man
He thought was worth defending;
He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
His country’s shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom’s coffin o’er and o’er,
When all within was rotten.

“These loud ancestral boasts of yours,
How can they else than vex us?
Where were your dinner orators
When slavery grasped at Texas!
Dumb on his knees was every one
That now is bold as Cæsar;
Mere pegs to hang an office on
Such stalwart men as these are.”

“Good sir,” I said, “you seem much stirred;
The sacred compromises—”
“Now God confound the dastard word!
My gall thereat arises:
Northward it hath this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool’s nose to the stone,
When slavery feels like grinding.

"'Tis shame to see such painted sticks
In Vane's and Winthrop's places,
To see your spirit of Seventy-six
Drag humbly in the traces,
With slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office-holders
To shout applause, as, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout!—
No, by my faith in God's word!"
Half rose the ghost, and half drew out
The ghost of his old broadsword,
Then thrust it slowly back again,
And said, with reverent gesture,
"No, Freedom, no! blood should not stain
The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The mount of prophesying;
In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying;
Far in the east I see upleap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
The glory of the morrow;
I hear great steps, that through the shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,

And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher."
I looked, no form mine eyes could find,
I heard the red cock crowing,
And through my window-chinks the wind
A dismal tune was blowing;
Thought I, My neighbor Buckingham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim-stuff that hates all sham,
And he will print my ditty.

NOTES

Stanza 2. *Rosy as excisemen*. Excisemen were the collectors of the excise, an internal tax levied on liquor. As a rule they drank more freely than other men and had the characteristic ruddy face of heavy drinkers.

3. *Andalusian heather*. Andalusia, one of the provinces of Spain, here representing the kingdom. Heather or heath—a low bush.

4. *That famous bark*. The Mayflower.

5. *Less slippery are than this is*. Lowell's old Spanish leather-bottom chair must have been very slippery, judging from this description.

6. *Salt on the earth*. Folks with missions or grand projects to accomplish talk as if they were the salt of the earth.

Guys. A guy is a person who makes a grotesque appearance. The dictionary will tell you the origin of the word. People who set out to accomplish what they believe to be a great object sometimes are so indifferent to the fashions of the world that they look odd, or crystallize into queer guys.

8. *Merely to fill the street with*. Very common men.

9. *Charon*. In ancient mythology Charon (pro.Karon) ferried the souls of the dead over the river Styx, which separated this world from the other.

11. *Tyrtæuses*. Tyrtæus was a Greek elegiac poet.

In mud. The old Puritan captain is pretty hard on the descendants of the Puritans.

13. *When slavery grasped at Texas.* When Texas was admitted as a State in 1845 the slavery party insisted that it should be admitted with a constitution making slavery legal. There was very little opposition to it.

14. *The sacred compromises.* The Missouri compromise in particular.

15. *Vane and Winthrop.* Consult a cyclopedia.

17. *Far in the east, etc.* The meaning of these four lines is obscure.

18. *Child of our travail and our woe.* The United States, the country which Standish helped to found. In connection with this poem you will enjoy reading the novel, Standish of Standish.

TO THE DANDELION.

1.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

2.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

3.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Art in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

4.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

5.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

6.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

NOTES

Stanza 1. *Eldorado*. Any region rich in gold.

2. *Drew the Spanish prow, etc.* The hope of finding such gold as thine (so far as color goes) never induced Spanish ships to explore the western seas. Can you name some of these early Spanish gold-seekers?

Lover's heart. The heart of the lover of gold.

3. *Thou art my tropics and mine Italy*. The thoughts and pleasures which you produce within me are those which I would expect to have if I lived in tropical or Italian scenes.

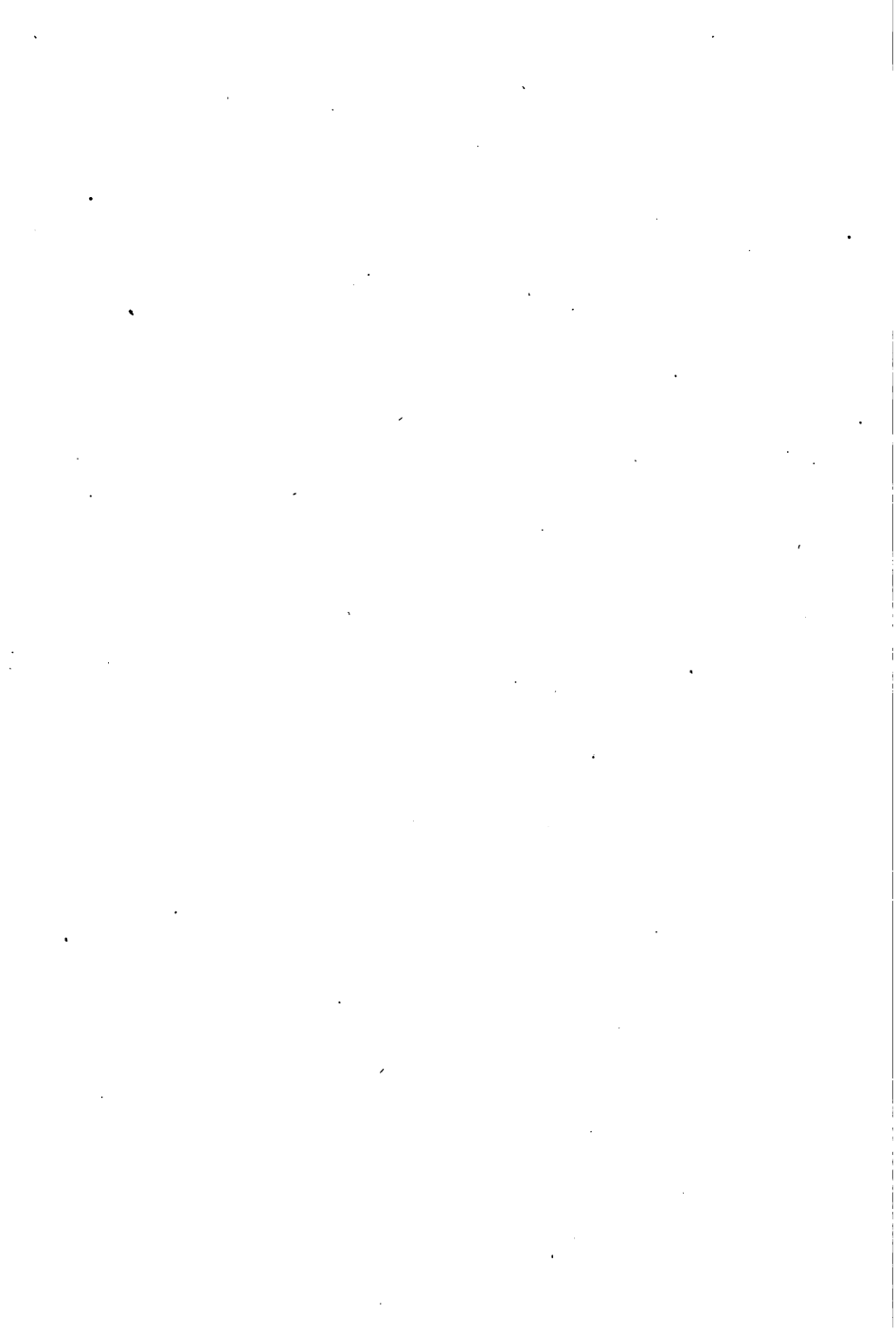
Golden-cuirassed. The cuirass was the armor covering the trunk of the soldier's body. The yellow covering of the bee is compared to a cuirass.

Sybaris. A Greek city of southern Italy noted for its luxury.

4. *Whiten*. As the under side of the leaves turn up.

5. *Untainted*. Not yet impressed with the prosy realities of life.

6. *A prodigal*. A spendthrift.



CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

A CHRISTMAS CAROL



CHARLES DICKENS

BIOGRAPHY

Charles Dickens was born in 1812 at Portsmouth, England, where his father held a clerkship in the Navy Pay Department, subsequently becoming a reporter of doings in Parliament for a morning paper.

Dickens' early life was a hard one. At seven years of age he was sent to a private school where he had a dismal time. Many of the passages in *David Copperfield* are true pictures of his own early experiences, and much of that novel is understood to be based upon his own life. At one time he earned a living by pasting labels on blacking bottles, and he often had to attend upon his father when he was in prison for debt. It was in this way that he became acquainted with life in the debtor's prison and its sad experiences. Thus from his childhood he was fully acquainted with the life and feelings of the lowest classes, from which so much of the material in his stories is drawn.

He had but little schooling, such education as he acquired being due to his own industry and ambition to become a learned and distinguished man. He must have been a great reader, as in his works, particularly in *David Copperfield*, he mentions in a most intimate and familiar way, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, De Foe, Cervantes, and others.

In the course of a few years he worked himself free from the hard, depressing conditions of his boyhood. At the age of nineteen, in 1831, he began the life of a reporter, showing himself shrewd and skilful. He made good use of his leisure hours in wandering about the streets of

London and studying whatever he found odd or humorous in persons or places. He wrote occasional sketches for the magazines and found encouragement in his efforts. His first printed book, in which most of these sketches were collected, appeared in 1835, *Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People*. Boz was a nickname in his family and suited Dickens' purpose very well. Another series under the same title was published the next year. The sketches, as explained in their sub-title, at once attracted attention.

Soon after he was engaged to write *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*: Edited by Boz. They appeared in monthly parts in 1836 and were received with great enthusiasm. In this same year Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth. The next year, 1837, the sketches appeared in book form and brought to their author not only fame but a steady income. It is said the publishers made a profit of twenty thousand pounds on the work. The author received thirty-five hundred pounds, but as he had agreed to write them for fifteen pounds a number, he was handsomely overpaid. According to the original plan the pictures were to be the chief feature, and Dickens was to write the explanatory chapters. But it was soon apparent that the text was far more attractive than the illustrations.

"Mr. Pickwick is a benevolent old gentleman who, as president of a club organized for the purpose of investigating the source of the Hampstead ponds, journeys about England in all directions with three companions, to whom he acts as guide, philosopher, and friend. He is an amiable old simpleton and his companions are equally verdant. But since they first appeared they have been as famous as any characters in fiction." People were convulsed with

laughter at the droll sayings and comical experiences of Mr. Pickwick, old Mr. Weller, and his son Sam. Their remarks and opinions were quoted in every household, and the world still laughs at them as heartily as ever. So Dickens' first work was a decided "hit."

Novel after novel now came from his ready pen which was never idle for forty-three years. After the *Pickwick Papers* came *Oliver Twist* in 1838. Oliver was an orphan brought up in a workhouse, was starved and ill-treated, but he always retained his innocence and purity of heart. The life of the very poor and degraded among the people of England is admirably portrayed.

In 1839 appeared *Nicholas Nickleby*. To this Dickens signed his own name and dropped for good his pen name Boz. In it Dickens exposes the harsh and brutal nature of the schools and the teaching of his day. In 1841 appeared *The Old Curiosity Shop* containing the story of Little Nell, one of the most sad and tender tales in fiction. Dickens confessed that he was almost heart-broken when she died.

Many others of Dickens' novels were also written with an evident purpose, with a humane and charitable design to reform abuses in education, in the administration of justice, and in social life, and to ameliorate the lot of the poor and weak. It is said that many improvements in English customs had their origin in the scathing exposures and sharp portrayal of abuses as he worked them into his stories, although there is no record that he ever once admitted that he entertained any such design.

In 1842, when thirty years of age and in the full flush of success, he visited our country, and gave his observations to the world in his *American Notes for General Circulation*. His criticisms upon our people and customs

gave great offense at the time. He emphasized our faults but paid slight attention to our virtues. But the resentment aroused by the Notes had subsided when in 1868 he made his second visit to our country, and gave public readings from his works in many of our cities. He received a most enthusiastic welcome.

In 1843 Dickens gave to the world *A Christmas Carol*, "the first and perhaps the best of that series of tales of peace and good-will, with which at the Christmas time, the name of Dickens is pleasantly and familiarly associated." It was followed by *The Chimes* in 1844, by *The Cricket on the Hearth* in 1845, by *The Haunted Man* in 1848. Concerning these holiday stories it was most happily said at the time of Dickens' death by an unknown writer: "He has not only pleased us, he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the hearts of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America to-day fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote."

In 1846 he produced in periodical form his *Pictures from Italy*, where he lived for some time. *A Child's History of England* came out in 1853 and is a good specimen of simple, direct narrative. *A Tale of Two Cities* is decidedly unlike Dickens' other works and shows a power to comprehend historical conditions and to present them in a striking, truthful picture which would not be suspected from his other stories. Even those who are not admirers of Dickens freely concede that this story is a most vivid and correct picture of Paris and France at the time of the Revolution. It is one of the great historical novels.

Our Mutual Friend (1865) was the last work which Dickens completed. While working on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, a mystery which has never been solved, as the author left no notes in regard to it, of which six numbers had appeared, Dickens died at his home, Gadshill Place, June 9, 1870, literally in the harness and without warning.

Besides his stories, of which only a small portion have been mentioned above, Dickens conducted for many years a successful weekly periodical *Household Words*, followed by *All the Year Round*, to which he contributed many sketches and stories. For twelve years he gave public readings in London and the leading cities of Great Britain with profit to himself and with great satisfaction to immense audiences.

As an after-dinner speaker Dickens had few equals, while in plays of his own composition on the amateur stage he was inimitable. In form he was short and thick-set. He delighted in outdoor sports, and for years took long walks daily in all kinds of weather. He was very fond of children and of quaint odd characters, and took constant delight in pets of all sorts, particularly birds and dogs. Kind and generous of heart, he was beloved by people of all stations in life.

Dickens brought into literature a larger number of clearly drawn and easily recognized characters than any other English writer, not excepting Shakespeare. But his characters, entertaining as they may be, lack fulness and completeness. They are not real men and women of flesh and blood. Frequently only a passion, or a deformity, or a whim gives them individuality. It has been remarked that he has not drawn a single character of either sex that is highly gifted, personally beautiful, and thoroughly

noble at the same time. Not one of his youthful maidens is filled with the radiance of a perfect and complete life. "As pictures of Englishmen, the best and the vilest, as sketches of odd but not wholly incredible traits, and of society among the middle and lower classes, they are as wonderful as the plates of Hogarth."

"It has been said that Dickens did not write good English, that he could not draw a lady or a gentleman, that he often makes earmarks and personal peculiarities stand for character, that he is sometimes turgid when he would be impressive, sometimes stilted when he would be fine, that his sentiment is often false and worked up, that his attempts at tragedy are melodramatic, and that sometimes his comedy comes near being farcical. His whole literary attitude has been compared to his boyish fondness for striking apparel.

"There is some truth in all these criticisms, . . . Say what you will of all these defects . . . it remains that he is a great power, a tremendous force in modern life; half an hour of him is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers, and the world is a more cheerful and sympathetic world because of the loving and lovable presence in it of Charles Dickens."

DICKENS' PRINCIPAL WORKS

Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Great Expectations, Old Curiosity Shop, Christmas Stories, Martin Chuzzlewit, Barnaby Rudge, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, Child's History of England, Sketches, American Notes and Pictures from Italy, Uncommercial Traveler, Tale of Two Cities, Bleak House, Our Mutual Friend, The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

REFERENCES

Many books and magazine articles have been written about Dickens. His most authoritative biography is by Mr. Foster, his life-long friend and literary executor. Field's Yesterdays with Authors, and Jerrold's Best of All Good Company, will be found very interesting in this connection.

"In December, 1843, all England was aroused from its selfish slumbering by the sound of a carol. It was no carol sung by a bird; it was sung by a man, and that man was Charles Dickens. He called it a Christmas Carol; but the Anglo-Saxon world has known it ever since as "The Christmas Carol," as if, since the birth of Him who made the 25th of December a holiday, humanity had known no song worthy of being likened unto it. Fifty years this carol has been sung, and yet every twelve-month its pure melody receives as hearty a welcome as Christmas itself. Hungry ears have listened to no better hymn of praise; hungry eyes have feasted on no truer or more loving counsel.—*Kate Field.*

PREFATORY NOTE

Dickens has described with what a strange mastery this story possessed him while writing it; how he wept over it, and laughed, and wept again, and became excited to a high pitch; how he walked thinking of it fifteen and twenty miles about the back streets of London many a night after most people had gone to bed. After it was done, he let himself loose like a wild man, as he told one of his friends. No healthier or sweeter work of fiction was ever written. It is a personal kindness to any man or woman, boy or girl, to urge them to read it. Like every true work of art, it gives fresh joy and a new impulse every time it is reread.

A Christmas Carol

STAVE ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. 6

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain. 16

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him. 22

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin

lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. 31

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did. 40

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!" 51

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather; foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their

breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices. 66

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed. 77

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!" 82

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?" 83

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly, "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough." 94

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

110

"Uncle!"

"Nephew! keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good has it ever done you!"

116

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not

another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!" 131

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow." 140

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love." 148

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!" 152

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why can not we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!"

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!" 160

"Good afternoon!"

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially. 168

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas."

The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him. 176

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night." 181

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back. 187

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir." 194

"Are there no prisons?"

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman laying down the pen again.

"And the workhouses? Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still, I wish I could say they were not." 190

"The treadmill and the poor law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I'm very glad to hear it." 205

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" 212

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there." 219

"Many can't go there and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it." 224

"It's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him. 232

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowing sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke, a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef. 261

Foggier, yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and reddened by the hungry cold, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol, but at the first sound of

“God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!”

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost. 271

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat. 276

“You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?”

“If quite convenient, sir.”

“It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill used, I'll be bound!”

The clerk smiled faintly. 282

“And yet, you don't think me ill used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.”

“It's only once a year, sir.”

“A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!” said Scrooge, buttoning his great coat to the chin. “But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning.” 289

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great coat), went down a slide at the end of a lane of boys, twenty

times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff. 297

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of buildings up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. 306

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. Let it also be borne in mind, that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face. 319

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow, as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up on his ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. 327

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle. 334

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang. 341

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went. 348

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that. 558

Sitting-room bedroom, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lum-

ber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker. 382

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in: double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel. 387

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all around with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like an ancient prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one. 384

"Humbug," said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a

sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house. 395

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. 402

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and a specter passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again. 412

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind. 421

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its

death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses. 430

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever.
"What do you want with me?"

"Much"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*." 435

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.
"You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him. 441

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost. 450

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?" 455

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato.

There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!" 461

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the specter's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones. 467

To sit, staring at those fixed glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very mischief with his courage. There was something very awful, too, in the specter's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven. 475

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost. 480

"You are not looking at it."

"But I see it, notwithstanding."

"Well! I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you, humbug!" 485

At this the spirit raised a fearful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! 492

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind! do you believe in me or not?" 497

"I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him shall walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!— and witness what it can not share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!" 506

Again the specter raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered. Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?" 513

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!" 519

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!" 524

"I have none to give. It comes from other regions,

Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers to another kind of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all that is permitted to me. I can not rest, I can not stay, I can not linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!” 533

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

“You must have been very slow about it, Jacob,” Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference. 540

“Slow!” the Ghost repeated.

“Seven years dead,” mused Scrooge. “And traveling all the time!”

“The whole time. No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.” 545

“You travel fast?”

“On the wings of the wind.”

“You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years.”

The Ghost on hearing this set up another cry, and clanked its chain hideously in the dead silence of the night. 552

“Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed, not to know, that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too

short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!" 561

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!" 569

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of my fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raised to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me!" 578

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will. But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!" 583

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. 588

"That is no light part of my penance. I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!" 593

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not." 598

"Without their visits you can not hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge. 603

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!" 608

When it had said these words, the specter took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm. 615

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the specter reached it, it was wide open.

It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped. 622

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and

regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The specter, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night. 629

Scrooge followed to the window; desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and mourning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to his ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever. 643

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant. 657

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour. 6

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve! 11

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!" 18

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. 27

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make

nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. 32

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?" 38

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power. 45

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting. 51

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!" 56

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn. 62

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was turned. Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them. 67

It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extingisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm. 82

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. 93

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded. 99

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long Past?" inquired Scrooge, observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered. 107

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow!" 112

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost. 117

Scrooge expressed himself as much obliged; but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!" 122

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm; and the thermometer a

long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped his robe in supplication. 134

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!" 139

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground. 145

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten! 154

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit. 159

"Remember it! I could walk it blindfolded."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years! Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree, until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it. 171

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The happy travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them? Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and by-ways, for their several homes? What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon a merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him? 182

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull-red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola, on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used; their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor within was it more retentive of its ancient state; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through

the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat. 200

The host and Scrooge went across the hall to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he used to be. 207

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling; not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with a softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears. 215

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wool. 220

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go. And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Served him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!" 229

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his hightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed. 234

"There's the parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!" 243

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: "but it's too late now." 249

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I would like to give him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!" 255

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk; the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was,

alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays. 264

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother." 272

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home for good and all. Home forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said, Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, "we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world." 286

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her. 293

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the school-

master himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people, at the same time, sending out a meager servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap that he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-by right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden sweep, the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the ever-greens like spray. 314

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had. You're right. I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and left a family, as I remember." 320

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Wasn't I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement: 336

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!" 344

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-apprentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost.

"Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!" 349

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer; Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had them up in their places—four, five, six—barred them and pinned them—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses. 359

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads,

and let's have lot's of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chir-rup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered; the lamps were trimmed; fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night. 372

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again! round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. 394

There were more dances, and there were forfeits and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pairs of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking. 405

But if they had been twice as many four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance—advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place—Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger. 410

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two apprentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon his head burnt very clear. 436

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so said, 442

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune." 454

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think?"

"No, no. I would like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all." 460

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root. 472

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said softly, to Scrooge's former self. "To you very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?" 481

"A golden one. You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "I have seen your noble aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you." 487

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man." 494

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are. I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you." 501

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words, no. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!" 511

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could, Heaven knows! But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment, you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were." 523

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time

and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen."

She left him, and they parted. 531

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more! No more! I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!" 536

But the relentless Ghost, pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, there were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off to save my life. 538

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and

plundered dress was borne towards it in the center of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter! The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round his neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when Scrooge thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring time in the haggared winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed. 582

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know," she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

'Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.' 583

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me! I can not bear it!" 508

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head. 610

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground. 615

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed-room. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awakening in the middle of an exceedingly tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge

had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp lookout all around the bed. For, he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise, and made nervous. 15

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it, too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, whence, on further tracing, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full

possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door. 37

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, suckling pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door. 61

"Come in! Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. "You have never seen the like of me before!" 67

"Never."

Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?"

"I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?" 78

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for!"

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it." 80

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast. The room and its contents all vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the ghost went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost, that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and as much like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall. 91

Perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe. On the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house! 102

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the sauce-pan lid to be let out and peeled. 121

"What has got your precious father?" said Mrs. Cratchitt. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke. 122

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchitt, kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with official zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come." said

Mrs. Cratchitt. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!" 138

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look as seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame! 140

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchitt, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchitt.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!" 153

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper. 159

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchitt, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be plearant to

them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see." 180

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. 182

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah! 189

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't be-

lieve there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in. 212

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed. 218

Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of a half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedighted with Christmas holly stuck into the top. 227

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but

nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle. 245

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" 251

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him. 257

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die." 263

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future,

none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population." 280

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name. 282

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!"

"The founder of the feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it." 288

"My dear," said Bob; "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow." 294

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!" 299

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes. 305

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest, to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. 328

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did,

the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last. 333

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily, and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house, where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches, well they knew it—in a glow! 334

But, if you had judged from the number of people on their way to friendly gatherings you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the eve-

ning somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas! 368

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night. 379

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where miners live who labor in the bowels of the earth. But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stones, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. 392

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled and roared, and raged among

the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth. 400

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of sea-weed clung to its base, and storm birds rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed. 405

But even here two men who watched the light had made a fire that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog and one of them, the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be, struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself. 414

The Ghost sped on above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, by the look-out in the bow, by the officers who had the watch, dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-gone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him. 428

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an un-

known abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as death, it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability! ⁴³⁸

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions, Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behind hand roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it too!"

"More shame from him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless the women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest. ⁴⁵⁴

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes that you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory. ⁴⁶³

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew,

"that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece.
"At least you always tell *me* so." 460

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it." 474

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner." 483

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, because I haven't great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed. 497

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, his example was unanimously followed. 508

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office, or in his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday." 517

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed, he encouraged them in their merriment and passed the bottle joyously. 522

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sung a glee or catch, I can assure you, especially Topper who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge

from the boarding-school as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that Ghost had shown him, came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindness of life for his own happiness. 537

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blind-man's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believed that Topper was really blinded than I believe he had eyes in his boots. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did on purpose), he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But at last he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was most execrable. His pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was mon-

strous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains. 586

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what, he only answering to their questions, yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie. and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out: 585

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes;" inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way. 586

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said

Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried. 600

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless, Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels. 611

Much they saw, and far they went, and many houses they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's very refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. 621

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray. 630

"Are Spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near." 636

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?" 642

"It might be a claw, for all the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment. 648

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dead. 660

Scrooge started back appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children,

but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware of them both, but most of all beware of this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! And abide the consequences!" 673

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no work-houses?"

The bell struck twelve. 678

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him. 683

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. 4

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. Scrooge knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" 10

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover. 18

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud, there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black. 24

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?" 30

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along. 36

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of

it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants, who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often. 46

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead." 52

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn. 58

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know." 63

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the red-faced gentleman. "But I must be fed, if I make one." 70

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody

else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. By-by!" 77

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here. 83

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business; very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem; in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view. 88

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?" 95

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good-morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it probably was. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was past, and this Ghost's province was the future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with

himself to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw, and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy. 115

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this. 123

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. The whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery. 130

Far within this quarter, there was a low-browed, beetleling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Sitting among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frowsy curtain of miscellaneous

tatters, hung upon a line, and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement. 141

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. She had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in, too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them, than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh. 150

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!" 155

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know, and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it shrieks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here, as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suited to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor." 164

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night), with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool, crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two. 172

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did."

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so." 177

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not." 182

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, the wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself." 191

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe." 201

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch

of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total, when he found there was nothing more to come. 210

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner. 217

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you ask me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half a crown." 222

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains?" 227

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes I do," replied the woman. "Why not?" 232

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman coolly.

"Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now." 238

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman.

"He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?"
said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up. 243

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I an't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe. 250

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman, with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as unbecoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one." 256

Scrooge listened to this dialog in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself. 261

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, counted out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us, when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!" 268

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot, "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and

now he almost touched a bed; a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. 275

A pale light rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!" 280

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power." 285

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town, who feels sorrow caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing! and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were. 292

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness. She walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress. 303

He sat down to the dinner that had been kept warm for

nim by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"

308

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

313

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

319

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night, said to me, when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

324

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be a bad fortune, indeed, to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!"

330

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

336

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death,

said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire. 345

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet! 350

"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on? 350

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time." 364

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed." 371

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble; no trouble. And there is your father at the door!" 377

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!" 384

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said. 389

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!" 396

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went up-stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set loose beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little

and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy. 407

They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know." 418

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you are a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us." 429

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear, if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days, though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?" 442

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again. 448

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God! 453

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before, into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment. 462

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of business is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?" 469

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before. 474

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look around before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground.

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. Scrooge advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he feared that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape. 483

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they shadows of things that may be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood. 489

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the course be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever. 494

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees. 499

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at his robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!" 507

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!" 512

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!" 518

In his agony he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost. 525

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the past, the present, and the future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley!

Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!" 8

He was so flustered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!" 27

He had frisked into his sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!" 36

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs.

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I am quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!" 44

He was checked in his transports by the church ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold: Golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious! 52

"What's to-day!" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh!"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, Christmas Day." 58

"It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one at the corner?"

"I should hope I do." 65

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the prize turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!" 71

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you a half a crown!" 79

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye. 88

"I shall love it, as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!" 93

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab." 98

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried. 104

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to

shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied. 109

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the street. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears. 119

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it. 126

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?" 131

"Yes. That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath was taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?" 137

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less.

A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi—" 142

"Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear that he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee. I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!" 148

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchen of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. 158

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir." 162

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear." 168

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table, which was spread out in great array; for these young housekeepers are al-

ways nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge. 174

"Why bless me!" cried Fred. "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness! 183

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it, yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?" 197

"I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir." 202

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend, I am not going to

stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a straight-jacket. 211

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon. Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit! 219

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but his own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him. 227

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One! 233

THE END.

NOTES

Christmas Carol, a song of joy and exultation in commemoration of the happiness which Christ's birth and life brought to the world. When the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will to men," it was a Christmas carol. An old carol begins:

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.
Irving's Sketch Book contains a delightful description of the celebration of Christmas.

Stave, literally one of the divisions of a psalm or song.

STAVE ONE

5. **'Change**, the exchange, a place where merchants meet in an organized way to buy and sell commodities.
10. **Executor**, a person appointed by a testator to carry out his will.
11. **Administrator**, a person appointed by a court to manage or settle the estate of a deceased person who made no will.
11. **Assign**, a person to whom property is transferred.
12. **Legatee**, one to whom a bequest is given in a will.
28. **Shrewdly**, sharply.
30. **Iced**, supplied with ice to cool it.
36. **To have him**, to attack him so as to get the better of him. He was so mean the worst weather could not match him.
39. **Came down**, in figurative sense, to pay over money which is called for.
49. **Courts**, narrow short streets.
55. **Nuts**, slang for "good luck."
104. **Balancing books**, finding the difference between the two sides in each account.
105. **Dead against you**, showing that you owe the other man.
109. **Holly**, a small evergreen tree with glossy green leaves and berries that turn red about Christmas. A sprig of holly usually ornamented the Christmas pudding.
138. **Parliament**. Explain the sarcasm.
184. **Credentials**, a card or letter showing who he was.
186. **Ominous**, foreshowing evil, inauspicious.
200. **Treadmill**, a mill worked by persons treading on steps on the rim of a wide wheel. Used chiefly as a means of prison punishment.
200. **Poor law**, a law providing for the support of the poor.
217. **To support**, by paying his regular taxes, a portion of which was used to maintain the prisons, workhouses, etc.
232. **Facetious**, good humored.
- 233-250. A fine description of the noted London fog.
234. **Links**, torches.
237. **Gothic**. The style of architecture known as Gothic is mainly distinguished by high pointed arches and clustered columns.
244. **Brazier**, a pan or kettle to hold burning coal.
246. **Water-plug**, a street hydrant.
248. **Misanthropic**, man-hating. Why call ice in the street or on the sidewalk misanthropic?
249. **Lamp heat of the windows**. Lamps used as the means of illumination in the show windows.
251. **Joke**, in the sense of play, fun.
252. **Pageant**, show, display. Everything being dressed in Christmas style, the ordinary air of business was absent.
255. **Mansion House**, the official house of the mayor of London.
280. **Crown**, a silver coin bearing the picture of a crown and worth five shillings.
296. **Camden Town**, a particular section of London.
308. **Knocker**, a kind of hammer fastened on the outside of doors by which to rap when desiring admission.
322. **Bad Lobster**. How a putrefy-

- ing lobster in a dark cellar looks, the reader will have to imagine.
328. **Phenomenon**, an appearance, anything presented to the eye.
338. **Pigtall**, a cue, a tail-like twist of hair at the back of the head, according to the fashion of dressing men's hair a few generations ago.
343. **Wine-merchant's cellar**. Remember how the building was occupied.
358. **Hob**, the raised stone or flat part of the grate on either side where things are placed to be kept warm.
377. **Butter boats**, boat-shaped dishes in which melted butter or sauce is served. In the pictures on old tiles the boats look like these sauce dishes.
- 380 **Prophet's rod**. See Exodus 7: 9-12.
423. **Bowels**, a play on the word as meaning pity, compassion.
437. **For a shade**. Can you explain how Scrooge's meaning would have been changed if he had said "to a shade?"
477. **Charge**, encounter, conversation with the Ghost.
477. **Reason just assigned**. What was that reason?
526. **Ministers**, agents messengers. What region does the Ghost imply that he has come from? What other ministers might be expected to be sent to carry comfort and to what different kind of men would they be sent?
554. **For this earth**, i. e., ages of incessant labor as time is measured on this earth.
570. **Chain**. What was it made of? What is signified by the Ghost's holding it up and flinging it down?
576. **Star**. See Matt. 2: 1, 2.
576. **Wise Men**. See Matt. 2: 1, 2.
583. **Pray**. Please don't.
639. **Cried**. Can you explain why this old ghost felt so bad over not being able to help the wretched mother?
- STAVE TWO
4. **Ferret**, a little animal with remarkably sharp sight.
9. **Two**. Is this simply Scrooge's feeling or has it been stated as a fact?
12. **Repeater**, a watch that strikes the hour whenever the spring is touched.
39. **Had gone three quarters**. The chime rang once at the end of the first quarter, twice at the end of the second quarter, and so on, the big bell sounding the hour when the moment came.
81. **Extinguisher**, a conical shaped cup to place on the burning end of a candle to put out the blaze instead of blowing it out.
110. **Those whose passions**, etc. Can you explain how the passions of persons like Scrooge made the cap for the Ghost?
138. **Heart**. What significance in the Ghost's suggestion as to touching Scrooge there?
174. **Travelers**, the boys who have just started from the boarding-school for home to spend the holiday vacation.
187. **Mansions**. This paragraph gives an idea of how Dickens focussed public attention on the too common conditions of the English boarding-schools of his time. Further along note how he describes the master.
199. **Getting up**, etc. The rules of the school required the boys to get up early, and their food was very scant, as Scrooge remembers, now that he is back in his old school.
204. **Deal forms**, long benches made of pine or fir lumber.
208. **Latent**, not developed.
209. **Panelling**, wainscoating.
211. **Despondent poplar**. Does the epithet refer to the solitary condition of the tree or to something in its appearance?
217. **A man in**, etc. Scrooge sees himself as a boy because of his father's harshness or displeasure at his conduct, not permitted to go home during the holidays, and putting in lonely hours reading the chief entertaining books of those days, among them the Arabian Nights which he read for

the first time and thus vividly saw Ali Baba, one of its characters.

225. **Valentine and Orson**, two heroes in the old story by that name. Orson was adopted and brought up by a bear.

235. **Parrot**. Robinson Crusoe was one of the books that Scrooge read at that time. Every reader will recall the passage which now comes back to Scrooge as he looks at his former self.

254. **Thoughtfully**. What was there in the situation to make the Ghost thoughtful?

302. **Decanter**, a pitcher.

317. **Gainsay**, contradict or dispute.

326. **Thoroughfare**. *Thorough* is the same as *through*. A thoroughfare is a through-fare. A thing thoroughly done is done through.

342. **Organ of benevolence**. Phrenology finds, or pretends to find, a special "bump" on every person's head corresponding to his marked traits of character. The "bump" or organ which indicates benevolence is on top of the head.

353. **Jack Robinson**. A famous comic song ended with the line, "and he was off before he could say Jack Robinson." This is the origin of this saying.

400. **Sir Roger de Coverley**, a dance named in honor of the Baronet of Coverley.

410. **A positive light**, etc. The short clothes and silk stockings of the time would help to produce this effect.

417. **Cut**, a fancy motion sometimes performed by gentlemen in old-time dancing.

430. **Corroborated**, confirmed, said yes to.

498. **Fraught**, charged, filled.

537. **Pinioned**, restrainedly binding the arms.

566. **Scaling**, climbing up.

567. **Despoil**, to carry away as spoil.

613. **Could not hide the light**. What was this fact typical of?

STAVE THREE

27. **Spontaneous combustion**, the act of getting on fire and burning without the application of fire.

46. **Mistletoe**, an evergreen plant with green leaves that grows on trees.

52. **Brawn**, flesh of the boar.

56. **Twelfth-cakes**, ornamented cakes distributed among friends or visitors on the feast of twelfth-night—the twelfth day after Christmas—which is observed in some churches.

59. **Plenty's horn**, cornucopia, horn of plenty: in mythology Ceres, the goddess of harvests, is represented as carrying a ram's horn filled with fruit and flowers.

100. **Bob**, an English shilling.

104. **Brave**, gaily decked.

151. **Blood-horse**, a horse of the finest stock.

152. **Rampant**, leaping, springing.

161. **Rallied**, made sport of pleasantly.

161. **Credulity**, readiness to believe anything.

177. **Compounded**, mixed.

180. **Ubiquitous**, being everywhere at once.

203. **Eked**, extended, helped out.

217. **Livid**, gray-blue color.

220. **Copper**, the copper pan in which the pudding was cooked.

226. **Quartern**, one-fourth of a pint, a gill. How much brandy was used? How could it be ignited without burning the pudding?

227. **Bedight**, adornment, ornamented.

235. **Heresy**, the opposite of the true and proper belief.

270. **Own words**. To whom had Scrooge addressed these words?

273. **Adamant**, an imaginary stone of impenetrable hardness.

273. **Cant**, words, solemnly uttered without being felt by the speaker.

278. **Insect on the leaf**. In this metaphor who is the insect on the

- leaf? Who are its hungry brothers in the dust?
303. **Ogre**, a hideous monster in fairy tales who lived on human beings.
307. **Baleful**, causing sorrow, hurtful.
310. **Five and sixpence**, five shillings and six pennies, about \$1.37 in our money.
314. **Investments**, what stocks or bonds he would buy with his money so as to draw dividends.
333. **Pawnbroker**, one who lends money and receives goods as security. Peter may have been obliged at some time to borrow money and leave some of his clothes in pawn as security.
363. **Lamplighter**, a boy or man who goes along the street from lamp to lamp and lights them.
367. **Kenned**, knew, realized.
370. **Moor**, a waste plain, a fen.
375. **Furze**, a thorny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers.
401. **League**, the distance of about three miles.
409. **Horny**, made hard by hard work.
412. **Figure-head**, the ornamental statue or figure on the projecting point of the bow of a ship.
441. **Infection**, *contagion*, the tainting or influencing of one person by another simply by communication or contact. For the distinction between the words see the dictionary.
456. **Capital**, excellent.
517. **Shook**, made an impression, touched his better nature a little.
547. **Fire-irons**, tongs, poker, etc., standing by the side of the grate.
560. **Execrable**, hateful, abominable.
598. **Mulled wine**, wine sweetened and spiced

632. **My life is very brief**. Why so? What Ghost is this?

666. **They are Man's**. In what sense are Want and Ignorance Man's children? Why did the spirit stretch its hand toward the city when foretelling the danger to be apprehended from ignorance?

STAVE FOUR

45. **Trifled thoughtfully**. How does a man trifle thoughtfully with the guard or seal on his watch chain?

87. **Strictly**. Why so much emphasis on the "business point of view"?

91. **Old Scratch**, the Devil.

151. **Charwoman**, a woman hired to do odd jobs. She was a thief like the other woman and the man. They had all got stolen things from Scrooge's apartments.

179. **Pick holes**, have a quarrel.

203. **Mounting the breach**. All bearing stolen goods, each was somewhat afraid to show to the others what he had. The charwoman was the boldest and so told Joe to open her pack first; whereupon the man, like a brave soldier who first steps to the point of greatest danger, showed his plunder.

261. **Marketing**, selling.

390. **You went to-day then?** Robert had been to the graveyard and seems to have made arrangements for the family to visit Tiny Tim's grave the next Sunday, when the garments, possibly emblems of mourning, upon which Mrs. Cratchit and the girls were working, would be wanted.

STAVE FIVE

211. **Straight-jacket**, a rigid garment put on crazy persons to keep them from hurting others or themselves.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

JULIUS CÆSAR



PREFACE

It is the object of this book to furnish the largest possible amount of facts and explanations necessary to the understanding and appreciation of the play of Julius Cæsar. It is believed that an equal amount of really useful and important matter cannot be found elsewhere in so cheap and convenient a form.

The editor wishes to emphasize his conviction that the great and vital thing for any reader, old or young, is to read the play for himself, as the surest way to get rich and fruitful enjoyment out of it. To this end notes, explanations, criticisms, etc., should be held strictly subordinate. Let no attention be paid to them so long as you can get ahead well without them. Wait until need of them is felt before resorting to them. Learn to solve your own difficulties. Conquer the poet's thought for yourself instead of hastening to get help from others.

The numbering of the lines in this edition is solely for convenience of reference and sometimes disregards their metrical completeness.

That the reader may see how the poet changes story or history into drama, some quotations from Plutarch's Lives are given.

Other matters of interest and value will be found in the last pages.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		LOCILIUS,	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} triumphs after the death of Julius Cæsar.	TITINIUS,	} friends to Brutus and Cassius.
MARCUS ANTONIUS.		MESALA,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		YOUNG CATO,	
CICERO,	} senators.	VOLUMNIUS,	
PUBLIUS,		VAREO,	} servants to Brutus.
POPILIUS LÆNA,		CLITUS,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} conspirators against Julius Cæsar	CLAUDIUS,	
CASSIUS,		STRATO,	
CASCA,		LUCIUS,	
TREBONIUS,		DARDANIUS,	
LIGARIUS,		PINDARUS,	servant to Cassius.
DECIUS BRUTUS,		CALPURNIA,	wife to Cæsar.
METELLUS CIMBER		PORTIA,	wife to Brutus.
CINNA.		Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS,	tribunes.	SCENE: Rome: the neighborhood of	
ARTEMIDORUS	of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.	Sardis: the neighborhood of Philippi.	
A Soothsayer.			
CINNA, a poet.	Another Poet.		

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you. 20

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, 40

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

50

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

60

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I: disrobe the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

70

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among 'hem a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says "do this," it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye and death i' the other

And I will look on both indifferently,

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90

As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
 Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! 150
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers'say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius! 190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not? 219

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every

time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted. 231

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 249

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 260

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 273

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? 278

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius; for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery, yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating. 290

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 300

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced? 310
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure; 319
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glared upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the bird of night did sit Even at noon-day upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons; they are natural;' 30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in. 40

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I: 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well I will hie, 150
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus' orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.*

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Could run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint I found
 This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

' Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

' Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them: and no man here 90
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[Brutus and Cassius whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him:
For he will never follow any thing 151
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company. •

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock*
strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you,
Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fastasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
Which sometimes hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows;

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. 311

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before. 320

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!'
Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd
me 10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

50

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Can not, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

60

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, 80
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper ' 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 10

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might,

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Excunt Antony and Trebonius.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas.

Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

70

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer; 90
There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be.

So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: 120
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honored him, and loved him. 130
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar has deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. 140
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I, myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 170
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased 180
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. 190
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? 200
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes, 210
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this:
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar. 220
 Friends am I with you all and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
 [*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do: do not

consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission, 240

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak 250

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— 260

Which, like dumb mouth, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds; 270
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming; 280
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause,
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine
honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may
believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any

in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

32

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

44

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamors. 50

Bru. My countrymen,

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence; Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit. 60

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; 61
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say. 69

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man; 80
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: 90
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause: 100
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his say-
ings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown: 110

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weep-
ing.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 120
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds 130
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; 140
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it. 150

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

160

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

170

That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

180

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 190
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable; 210

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, 220
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which your yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus. . 230

Third Cit. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives, 240
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. 250
 Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow! 260

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people, 269
 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck

but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrand: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers;
 TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
 How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
 But not with such familiar instances,
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,
 As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
 A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived. 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrong; 40
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers. 10

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are.
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge.
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me : 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection : I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

90

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come.

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

100

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar : for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. 130

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. 142

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, 150

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong: for with her death

That tidings came: with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 159

I can not drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Bru. With what addition? 170

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala. 180

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once

I have the patience to endure it now. 190

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. 200

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother. 210

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat; 220
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit*

Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius, 230
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men; 240

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; 250

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Varro and Claudius lie down.]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee;
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. 270
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou? 280

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
 Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
 out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To Varro*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord? 300

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
 Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 19

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS. TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, 31
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct.

Come, Antony, away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. *[Standing forth]* My lord ?

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala !

Mes. *[Standing forth.]* What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day . 71

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

80

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

90

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,

100

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-
 man, 110

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 120
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed. 120
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come!
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinus, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[*Pindarus descends.*]

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword, 41
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer, here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar,
thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 51
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

*Alarum: Re-enter MESSALA with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? 91

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; 10
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe:

Give him all kindness; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
 I found no man but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history: 40
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
 That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]

Cæsar, now be still: 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
 MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. 60
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

70

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

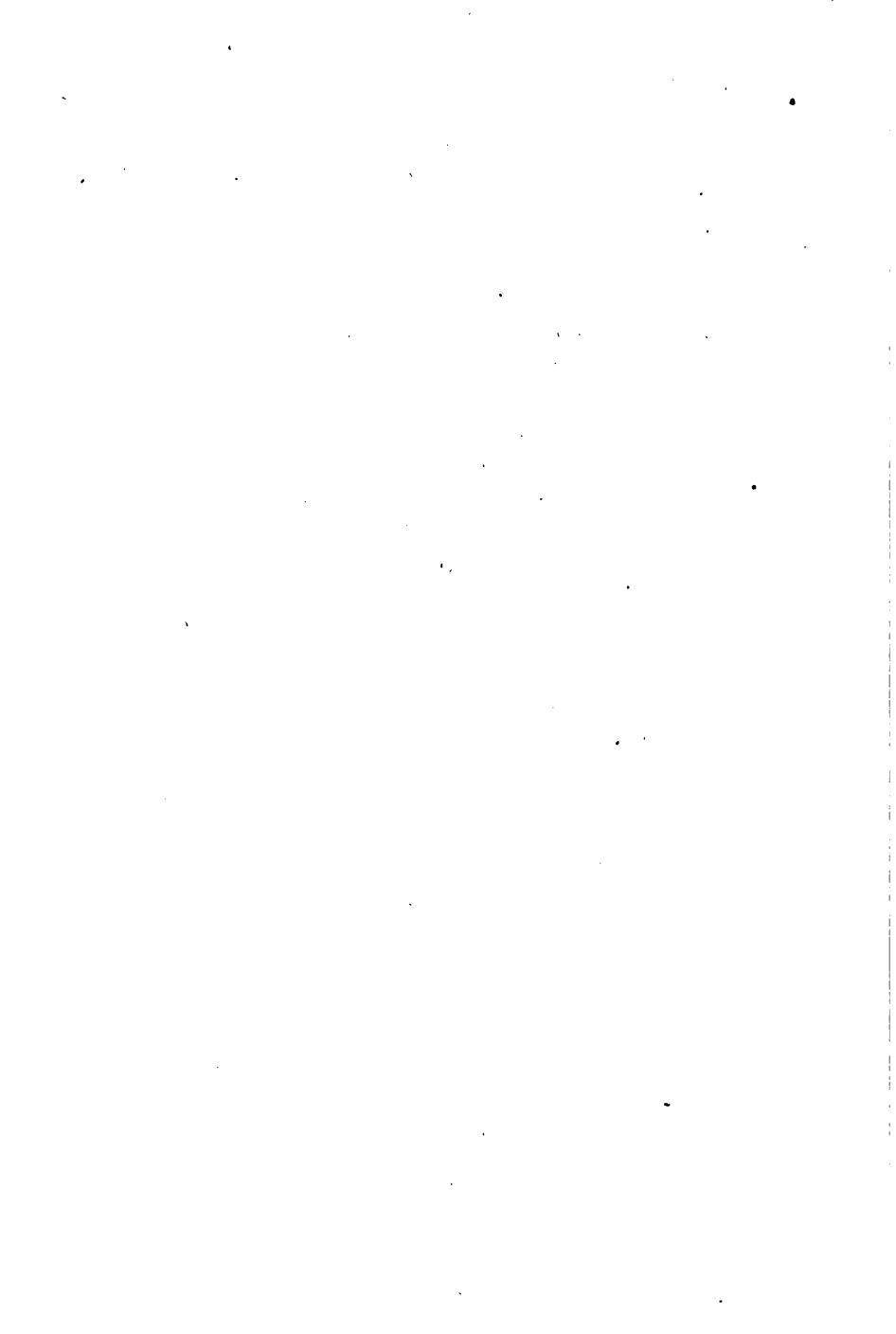
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away,

80

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]



NOTES

ACT I—SCENE I

3. **Mechanical**, with the sense of a substantive, mechanics.

Walk, to walk. This omission of *to* is not unusual.

4. **Laboring day**, a working day.

5. **Profession**. S. has in mind here not the customs of Rome, but the English usage of his own time, in which every mechanic belonged to his own guild, and always bore his proper badge.

Trade, tradesman, or *of* is understood.

10. **In respect of**, in comparison with or compared to.

11. **Cobbler**, a botcher, a bungling workman in any trade. So the answer does not give the information asked for.

12. **Directly**, straight forwardly, without evasion.

15. **Knave**. This word did not formerly carry the idea of dishonesty as it does now.

17. **Out**. The play on the word is obvious. *To be out with me*, to be provoked with me. *If you be out*, if your toes are out, if your shoes need mending.

26. **Re-cover**, a quibble upon the word *re-cover*, to cover again, and *recover*, to restore to health.

26. **Proper**, handsome, fine.

Neat's-leather, cowhide or calfskin. All animals of the bovine genus were called "neat." We still have *neat's-foot oil*.

27. **Handiwork**, workmanship.

32. **Triumph**. This, Cæsar's fifth and last triumph was in honor of his successes in Spain, whence he had returned a few months before, after defeating the sons of Pompey in the battle of Munda, B.C. 45. A "triumph" was an honor awarded to generals in ancient Rome for decisive victories over foreign ene-

mies. The grand military procession passed through the streets of the city, which were gay with garlands and thronged with enthusiastic citizens. The procession moved in about this order: (1) the magistrates and senate; (2) trumpeters; (3) wagons and platforms loaded with spoils, arms, and standards, and displaying explanatory labels, maps of the conquered country, and pictures of battles, towns, and rivers in it, models of fortresses, lions, elephants and other animals from the conquered country, etc.; (4) musicians; (5) white oxen and other animals for sacrifice; (6) priests and attendants; (7) captive princes and their families and other prisoners of war in fetters, some of whom were executed as the final act of the triumph; (8) the victorious general drawn by four horses and most richly dressed and crowned with laurel; (9) the Roman soldiers in column singing and shouting.

34. **Tributaries**, conquered kings who had to pay tribute to Rome.

35. **Grace**, do honor to.

40. Chimneys had but just come into use in England in S.'s time. In Cæsar's time they were unknown. Such an allusion is called an anachronism.

41. **Infants**. Taking your infants to see the sight.

43. **Pass**, pass through.

46. **That**, so that. The river Tiber is personified as feminine.

47. **Replication**, echo, reverberation.

50. **Cull out**. Do you pick out this day for a holiday?

52. **Blood**. Pompey's party had been defeated and one of his sons killed.

55. **Intermit**, avert or turn back.

58. **Sort**, rank or condition in life.

59. **Weep your tears**, etc., shed

- tears into the river until it swells from low-water mark to high-water mark.
62. *Metal*, in the sense of spirit.
65. *Images*, busts and statues of Cæsar bedecked with wreaths and scarfs in honor of his triumph.
68. *Lupercal*, a feast held every year on the 15th of February near the spot where Romulus and Remus were said to have been found with a she-wolf for their nurse.
70. *Trophies*, the scarfs and badges before alluded to. As to the authority of the Tribunes in the City of Rome, consult a classical dictionary.
71. *Vulgar*, the common people, the mob.
74. *Pitch*, a technical term for the height to which a falcon soars.

ACT I—SCENE II

5. *Antonius* was at this time consul with Cæsar, and had been made chief of one of the orders of the priests of the Luperci.
8. *Curse*. At these festivals the priests ran through the city waving thongs of goat's hide, and striking such women as presented themselves for the blow, in the belief that this would avert or prevent the "sterile curse." Cæsar's only child, the wife of Pompey, had died some years before.
11. *Set on*, go on, proceed.
15. *Press*, crowd.
18. *Ides of March*, March 15.
24. *Pass*, pass on.
- Sennet*, a musical term signifying a particular set of notes on a trumpet as a signal for a procession to march.
25. *Order of the course*, the manner in which the course was run.
28. *Gamesome*, sportively inclined.
29. *Quick*, lively, sprightly.
32. *Observe*, notice.
34. *Show*, manifestation.
- As, that or which. Frequently thus used as a relative pronoun.
36. You treat your friend too stiffly and too much as a stranger.
37. *Veil'd my look*, concealed my face from you (figuratively).
38. *Merely*, altogether.
- Vexed*, troubled.
40. *Passions of some difference*, conflicting emotions; viz., love for Cæsar as a man, dislike of his inclination to become a tyrant.
41. *Conception*, thoughts, ideas.
- Proper to myself*, belonging to myself alone.
42. *Give some soil to*, somewhat soil or tarnish.
- Behaviors*, conduct, deportment.
45. *Construe*, put meaning into.
48. *Mistook*, mistaken.
48. *Passion*, feeling.
49. *By means whereof*, that is, of my mistake.
- Buried*, suppressed, kept to itself.
50. *Cogitations*, thoughts.
53. *Thing*, as from a mirror or water.
54. *"Tis just*, exactly so.
58. *Your shadow*, your image, and thus know yourself.
- I have heard*. The meaning probably is, *I have been present where*, etc.
59. *Of the best respect*, held in highest esteem.
60. *Immortal*. In what spirit does Cassius use this word?
62. *Had his eyes*, realized his own importance and influence in such a crisis.
66. *Therefore*. Cassius, eager and absorbed in his own idea, does not seem to heed Brutus's question, but continues right on as if without interruption.
69. *Discover*, reveal.
71. *Jealous on me*, suspicious of me.
72. *Laughter*, jester or buffoon.
- Did use*, were accustomed.
73. *To stale*, to make common or cheap.
74. *Every new protester*, every newcomer who protests friendship for me.

- Scandal, defame.
 76. Alter, afterward.
 77. Profess myself, declare myself friendly.
 78. Rout, a disorderly assembly. Hold, consider.
 87. Indifferently. I will look on death with indifference as compared with honor.
 88. Speed, prosper, bless.
 89. Name of honor, reputation for honor.
 90. Virtue, love of honor.
 91. Favor, aspect or appearance.
 95. Had as lief, would as willingly.
 100. Chafing, as if angry because of the restraint they imposed.
 104. Upon the word, as soon as he proposed it.
 108. Lusty, vigorous.
 109. Hearts of controversy, courage that opposed and contended with the stream.
 110. Arrive, arrive at.
 112. Æneas, the reputed founder of Rome, was a Trojan prince, who, with a few companions and bearing his father on his shoulders, fled from Troy when it had been captured by the Greeks. After much wandering on the sea, he at last landed on the coast of Italy and fixed a settlement which the Romans regarded as the origin of their city. Virgil tells the story in the Æneid.
 118. But nod, but merely nods to him without thought or care.
 119. When he was in Spain. See Introduction.
 122. His coward lips, etc., like soldiers that desert their standard.
 123. Bend, look.
 124. His, its, a word just beginning to come into use in S.'s time.
 127. Titinius, one of Cassius' friends and a friend of Cæsar's at the time referred to.
 129. Temper, temperament, constitution.
 130. Get the start of, get the advantage of.
 131. Palm, the reward of a victor in the race.
 135. Man. Cassius becomes familiar as Brutus's more moved. Narrow world. Contrast with line 42. Explain contrast.
 136. Colossus, a huge figure. The famous Colossus was a bronze statue 120 feet high, standing astride the harbor of Rhodes so that, according to the story, which is doubted, ships passed under it.
 139. At some time, at one time or other.
 140. Our stars, referring to the old notion that the planets under which men were born influenced their fortunes. A superstition still rife in S.'s time and which he always combats.
 142. What should be in that Cæsar? what can there be in that word *Caesar*?
 147. Spirit. It used to be thought that the muttering of certain words could raise up spirits.
 150. Age, personifying and addressing the present age. Shamed, disgraced.
 151. Bloods, men of mettle.
 152. Flood. By this a Roman could only mean Deucalion's flood, which this legend describes.
 153. Famed with, made famous by.
 156. Room. The play upon *Rome* and *room* indicates that the words were pronounced alike in S.'s time.
 159. Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, who helped drive out the Tarquins and made Rome into a republic. The Brutus of the play claimed descent from him. Brook'd, endured.
 160. Keep his state, maintain his dignity or throne.
 162. Nothing jealous, nowise doubtful.
 163. What you would prevail upon me to do, I can partly guess.
 165. For this present, for this present time.
 166. So, provided that.

171. Chew, reflect, ruminate.
 172. Villager, a country rustic.
 173. Repute, consider.
 174. As, a pronoun before explained.
 175. Like, likely.
 177. Fire, alluding to striking fire from flint.
 181. Proceeded, taken place, happened.
 Worthy, worthy of.
 186. Ferret, a ferocious little animal of the weasel kind, and having fiery eyes.
 188. Cross'd in conference, opposed in debate.
 193. O' nights, at night.
 197. Well given, well disposed.
 199. If my name, if I whose name is Cæsar.
 202. He is a great observer. what evidence has Cassius of this?
 203. Quite through, right to the motive or design.
 204. No music. S.'s opinion of a man who is not fond of music appears in *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 83.
 205. In such a sort, in such a manner.
 208. Be, are.
 209. Whiles, while.
 213. Deaf. This, like Cicero's ferret eyes, is S.'s invention.
 217. Chanced, happened.
 218. Sad, grave or serious. It does not mean sorrowful.
 229. Marry, about equivalent to our *indeed*, to *be sure*.
 234. The manner of it, how it happened.
 240. Fain, gladly.
 242. Loth to lay, etc., unwilling to take his fingers away from it.
 243. Still, continually.
 244. Rabblement, the rabble, mob.
 245. Chopt, chapped.
 250. Soft, hold a little, not too fast.
 253. Like, likely.

Falling-sickness, epilepsy, to which Cæsar was subject.

255. We have, etc., that is, of bowing down before Cæsar.
 260. True man, honest man.
 264. Me is redundant. Used colloquially to give vividness to the narrative.
 Doublet, the English name for a man's upper outward garment. No Roman ever wore such a garment.
 265. An, if.
 A man of occupation, a man of business, quick to seize the opportunity.
 266. At a word, quickly.
 274. Sad, as before.
 277. He spoke Greek, a touch true to history.
 279. An I tell you, etc., about equivalent to our "I could not tell you for the life of me."
 282. Greek to me, still a common expression for anything that is unintelligible. Casca probably understood Greek as did most Roman gentlemen. His spirit which seems somewhat a pretense explains his remarks.
 287. I am promised forth; I have promised to go out to supper.
 293. Blunt seems to mean slow or dull, judging by what follows.
 297. However, notwithstanding.
 Tardy form, this appearance of slowness.
 308. From that it is disposed, from that to which it is naturally inclined.
 311. Bear me hard, has a grudge against me.
 313. He. There is some doubt to whom "he" refers. Can you explain the meaning either way?
 314. Several, distinct from one another.
 Hands, handwritings.
 318. Glanced at, hinted at.
 320. For we will shake, etc., we will either depose him or suffer worse days in consequence of our attempt.

ACT I—SCENE III

1. Brought you, etc., did you escort Cæsar to his house?

3. All the sway of Earth, all the steady and regular order of things.
4. Unfirm, unsteady.
8. To be exalted with, so as to rise to.
11. Either, etc., either the gods are warring among themselves, or are sending punishment on the world for being saucy with them.
14. Anything more, etc., anything else (more) that was wonderful.
18. Not sensible, not having sensation or feeling.
20. Against, near by.
- 22-23. Drawn upon a heap, crowded together.
26. Bird of night, screech owl, a bird that loves darkness and filled the Romans with horror.
28. Prodigies, wonders.
30. These are their reasons. Obscure. Possibly it means, *Such and such are their causes.*
32. Climate, region or country. Point upon, point at or toward.
33. Strange-disposed, strangely disposed or ordered.
34. Construe, explain after their fashion, according to their individual notions.
35. Clean from, entirely contrary to.
40. Not to walk in, not fit to walk in.
45. What night, what a night, as we would say.
47. Submitting me, exposing myself.
48. Unbraced, unbuttoned, referring to his doublet.
49. Thunder-stone, the thunder-bolt, which was believed to fall with the lightning.
50. Cross, zigzag.
60. Case yourself in wonder, put on a look of astonishment.
64. Quality and kind, disposition and nature; why birds and beasts change their dispositions and nature.
65. Why old men, etc., why old men become fools, and children prudent.
66. Ordinance, what they were ordained to be.
67. Preformed faculties, faculties as designed by the Creator.
68. To monstrous quality, in some monstrous or unnatural way.
71. Monstrous state, some unnatural state of things.
75. As doth the lion in the Capitol. Though lions were not kept in the Capitol at Rome, they were kept in the Tower of London, which seems to have represented the Capitol in S.'s mind.
77. Prodigious, portentous, monstrous.
78. Strange eruptions, outbreaks of Nature.
80. Let be who it is, no matter who it is.
81. Thews, muscles, sinews, physical strength.
82. Woe the while, alas for the time!
83. With, by, according to modern usage.
84. Sufferance, the patience with which we bear it.
85. Can be retentive to, can hold in or restrain.
- 91-102. Notice how much nobler are the sentiments of this speech than could be expected from a man moved solely by personal hate.
99. Was Cassius true to his principle? See Act V, Scene 3.
108. Trash, worthless stuff.
110. Matter, material.
114. My answer must be made, I shall be called to account and held responsible for seditious words.
116. That, as, Fleering, grinning, sneering. Hold, my hand, stop, here is my hand as a pledge that I will be true.
117. Be factious, form a faction or party. Grievs, grievances.
119. As who goes, as he who goes.
123. Undergo, undertake.

125. By this, by this time.
126. Pompey's porch. A portico or colonnade of the great theater holding 40,000 people, built by Pompey, 55 B.C., in the campus Martius, outside the city proper. It adjoined the Curia Pompeiana, elsewhere described.
128. The element, the sky.
129. Favor'd like, has the same features or appearance, as we say a child favors its parents.
131. Close, concealed, out of sight.
134. To find out you, to find you.
135. Incorporate to our attempt, closely united in our enterprise, as if forming a part of the body.
137. Glad on't, glad of it. Cinna refers to the first part of Cassius' speech.
142. Be you content, don't be uneasy; be calm.
144. Where Brutus, etc. Where only Brutus, etc.
146. Old Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus. See note on i, 2, 171.
150. Hie, hasten.
154. The subject of *is* is the sum of the three parts taken as a whole.
156. Next encounter, next effort.
159. Alchemy, the old imaginary art which turned common metals into gold.
Countenance, support.
162. Conceited, imagined, formed an idea of.
- to have been trying to find some other means to prevent Cæsar's being king, but he gives it up, and this speech begins in just the way to suggest to us his previous meditations.
12. For the general, on account of the public.
14. Brings forth, brings out to bask in the sun. Prosperity (the bright day) shows a man's true character.
15. Craves, requires.
Crown him?—that. Crown him? do that, and then, I grant, etc.
17. Danger, mischief.
19. Remorse, mercy, pity.
20. When his affections, etc. Brutus is obliged to confess that up to the present time Cæsar had not abused his power or allowed his inclination to prevail over his judgment. All his fear was for the future.
21. Common proof, matter of common experience.
26. Base degrees, lower steps.
28. Then, lest he may, prevent, lest he should, prevent his doing so.
Quarrel, cause.
29. Will bear no color for, can find no pretext in.
30. Fashion it thus, put it in this way.
31. These and these, such and such.
32. Think him, esteem, regard him.
33. As his kind, like the rest of his species.
44. Exhalations, meteors.
56. I make thee promise, I promise thee.
57. If . . . follow. The momentous "*if*," whether Cæsar's assassination will preserve liberty in Rome, makes Brutus still hesitate.
64. Motion, impulse.
65. Phantasma, an apparition.
66. The genius and the mortal instruments, the soul and the bodily powers.

ACT II—SCENE I

Orchard in S. is generally synonymous with garden.

1. What, an exclamation calling attention, and indicating something of impatience.
2. Brutus, talking to himself, breaks in by calling Lucius.
3. Give guess, give a guess, conjecture.
How near to day, how near it is to day.
5. When, Lucius, when, an exclamation of still greater impatience.
10. It, the delivery of Rome from Cæsar's tyranny. Brutus seems

67. State, not "condition," but man as a commonwealth, as himself constituting a State.

69. The nature of an insurrection, a kind of insurrection, as we would say.

70. Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

72. Pluck'd, pulled down. S. dresses his Romans not in close-fitting caps, but in the slouched hat of his own time.

74. That, so that.

75. Favor, outward appearance.

77. Faction, the body of conspirators.

78. Shamest thou? art thou ashamed?

79. Evils, evil things, mischiefs.

83. Path, walk, as in an open path.

Native semblance, real character. Supply the word *being*.

84. Erebus, one of the divisions of the infernal region.

85. From prevention, from being detected and frustrated.

86. Too bold upon your rest, in intruding upon your rest.

90. And (there is) no man here.

100. Shall . . . a word? May I have a word with you?

104. Fret the clouds, etc., mark the clouds with interlacing lines like a fretwork, showing that day is beginning to dawn.

107. Growing on, encroaching on.

108. Weighing, taking into consideration.

Youthful season of the year, the 15th of March.

110. High East, true or perfect East.

112. All over, throughout the whole company, one after another.

115. Sufferance, suffering.

The time's abuse, the present state of things.

116. Betimes, early, in good time.

117. Idle bed, bed in which he lies idle.

118. High-sighted, with lofty looks.

119. By lottery, as chance may determine.

These, these motives.

123. What need we? why need we?

125. Than that of discreet Romans who will not reveal a secret.

126. Palter, quibble, equivocate.

129. Cautelous, crafty, deceitful.

130. Carrions, carcasses, men as good as dead.

Suffering, long-suffering, enduring.

133. Even, unblemished, without a flaw.

134. Insuppressive, insuppressible.

135. To think, by thinking.

136. Did need, ever could need.

138. A several bastardy, a separate act of baseness and treason against his lineage.

144. Silver hairs. Cicero was then about sixty.

145. Opinion, reputation.

148. No whit, in no degree.

150. Break with him, broach the matter to him.

157. Of him, in him.

158. Shrewd contriver, mischievous plotter.

164. Envy, malice, hatred.

169. Come by, get, obtain possession of.

178. Our purpose as necessary.

180. Purgers, cleansers or healers.

181. For, as for.

187. Take thought, become melancholy, give way to sorrow.

188. That were much he should, that would be hard for him to do.

190. No fear, no cause for fear.

192. Clock. Of course this is an anachronism, as the water clocks of the Romans did not strike the hours.

196. Quite from the main opinion, quite contrary to the predominant opinion.

197. Fantasy, imagination.

Ceremonies, religious observances.

198. These apparent prodigies, these prodigies which are manifest.

200. *Augurs*, soothsayers.

204. *Unicorns*, etc. Unicorns are said to have been caught in this way: The hunter stood before a tree, and when the beast ran at him he stepped to one side and let the unicorn stick his horn into the tree, where he was held fast. Bears were reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror at which they would gaze, affording the hunter sure aim. Elephants were tempted into pitfalls which were lightly covered with hurdles and turf.

206. *Toils*, nets, snares.

212. *There*, at *Cæsar's* house.

215. *Bear Cæsar hard*, harbor ill-will against him.

216. *Rated*, censured.

218. *Go along by him*, by his house on your way home.

220. *I'll fashion him*, I will shape him to our purpose.

225. *Put on*, give any sign of.

227. *Formal constancy*, dignified self-possession.

230. *Honey-heavy*. Sleep that is sound (heavy) and yet sweet and refreshing.

231. *Figures*, imaginary forms.

Fantasies, products of fancy.

237. *Ungently*, unkindly.

238. *Yesternight*, last night.

240. *Arms across*, arms folded.

245. *Yet . . . yet*, still . . . still.

246. *Wafture*, waving.

251. *Sometime*, at times.

His, its.

254. *Condition*, disposition.

261. *Physical*, salutary, wholesome.

263. *Dank*, damp.

266. *Rheumy*, causing rheumatic diseases.

268. *Sick offence*, some pain or grief that makes you sick.

283. *In sort*, in some degree, not fully.

Limitation, with certain restrictions.

285. *Suburbs*, outskirts.

295. *Cato*, the great Roman philosopher famous for the uprightness of his life.

299. *Have made*, etc., have put my firmness to a severe test.

307. *All my engagements*, all that I have engaged myself to do.

Construe, interpret, explain.

308. *Charactery*, the written characters or significance.

313. *Vouchsafe* good-morrow, vouchsafe to accept, etc.

315. *Kerchief*. It was the practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads.

321. *Discard*, as he flings the kerchief to the ground.

323. *In S. exorcise* means to raise spirits. It now means to drive them out.

324. *Mortified*, deadened, insensible to feeling.

326. *What's to do? what's to be done?*

327. *Whole*, sound, healthy.

ACT II—SCENE II

5. *Present*, immediate, instant.

6. *Success*, good fortune.

13. *I never stood on ceremonies*, I never attached great importance to signs or omens.

16. *Recounts*. The relative *who* is omitted.

20. *Right*, regular.

22. *Hurtled*, clashed.

25. *Use*, usage.

27. *Whose end*, etc., the carrying out of which is designed, etc.

29. *As well as to Cæsar*.

31. *Blaze forth*, proclaim.

42. *Cæsar should*. We would say *would* instead of *should* here.

46. *Litter'd*, born.

67. *Afear'd*, Afraid.

75. *Stays me*, detains me, prevails upon me to stay.

76. *To-night*, the night just past.

89. *Tinctures*, stains, referring to the practice of dipping the kerchief in the blood of those who were regarded as martyrs.

Cognizance, an heraldic term, badge.

96. Mock, a taunt.
97. Apt to be render'd, likely to be given as a retort.
102. Love to your proceeding, affectionate interest in your career.

Dear is repeated for emphasis.

104. Reason to my love is liable, my reason is under the control of my love.
110. Stir'd, astir, stirring.
128. That every like, etc., that all things which resemble each other are not the same. Touched by Cæsar's honest words, "like friends," Brutus feels uncomfortable at the contrast between the real and the professed feelings of the conspirators.
129. Yearns, grieves.

SCENE III

8. Security gives way to, overconfidence, or unguardedness, leaves the way open to.
9. Lover, friend.
13. Out of the teeth of emulation, safe from the attacks of envy.
15. Contrive, plot, conspire.

SCENE IV

Since the first Scene of this Act, Brutus has told the secret to his wife, who is now agitated by knowing the facts she desired, as she shows by her directions to Lucius.

6. Constancy, firmness, of which she had boasted.
18. Bustling rumor, noise of stir and tumult.
20. Sooth, in sooth, in truth, truly.
31. Any harm's intended, any harm that is intended.
37. I'll get me to a place more void, I'll betake myself to a place more empty or open.
42. Brutus hath a suit, etc. Portia had forgotten for the moment the presence of Lucius, and says this to him to conceal the real cause of her great agitation.

ACT III—SCENE I

1. Cæsar was impressed with the soothsayer's words (1, 2, 12-24) although he pretended to ignore them.
7. Served, attended to.
10. Give place, make way, withdraw.
18. Makes to Cæsar, advances toward Cæsar.
19. Casca was to strike the first blow.
21. Cassius or Cæsar, etc., either Cassius or Cæsar shall never return alive, for I will kill him or slay myself.
23. Constant, firm, unmoved.
24. Doth not change, color or countenance.
28. Presently, immediately.
29. Address'd, ready, prepared.
33. Puissant, powerful.
36. Prevent, anticipate, and so hinder.
37. Couchings, stoopings, cringing.
43. Pre-ordinance and first decree, what has been pre-determined and decreed by the highest authority.
39. Law of children, that anything can be changed according to whim or caprice.
39-40. Be not fond to think, be not so foolish as to think.
42. With, by.
43. Low-crooked, to *crook* is to bend the knee.
51. Repealing, recalling.
54. Freedom of repeal, liberty to return from banishment.
59. If I could pray to move, if I could pray others to move from their purpose.
60. Constant, fixed in my purpose. Northern star, pole star.
61. Resting, unmoving.
67. Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence.
69. Holds on his rank, keeps his place.
70. Unshaked of motion, undisturbed by forces which move the rest. All through this scene Cæ-

- sar is made to speak quite out of character with the real Cæsar, who displayed none of the arrogance here portrayed.
72. Constant. See line 23.
74. Olympus, the high mountain in northeastern Greece where the gods were supposed to dwell.
76. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? And can you expect to succeed where he has failed?
- Bootless, without reward.
77. Et tu, Brute? There is no classical authority for putting these words into Cæsar's mouth, although he had been as a father to Brutus, who was fifteen years younger than Cæsar.
80. Common pulpits, the rostra in the Forum whence orators addressed the people.
90. Good cheer, be of good cheer.
95. Abide this deed, answer for it, be held responsible for the consequences.
98. As, as if.
101. Stand upon, are concerned about.
113. Be acted o'er. Rather vain-gloriously anticipating the stage popularity of the deed.
116. On Pompey's basis lies along, lies prostrate at the base of Pompey's statue.
132. Resolved, satisfied, informed.
137. Thorough, through.
- This untrod state, this new condition of things upon which we have just entered.
141. So please him come, if so be that it please him to come.
142. Satisfied, convinced by the reasons we shall give.
144. To friend, as our friend.
145. A mind, an inward feeling.
146. My misgiving still, etc., my presentiment of evil always comes true.
153. Must be let blood, must be bled, that is, put to death.
- Rank, sick from repletion.
160. Live a thousand years, if I live, etc.
161. Apt to die, ready to die.
162. Mean, means.
170. Pitiful, full of pity.
172. As fire drives out fire, referring to the old way of curing a burn by holding it up to the fire.
178. Voice, vote, authority.
182. Deliver, relate.
184. Proceeded, acted.
186. Render, give.
193. Conceit me, conceive or think of me.
197. Dearer, more acutely or intensely.
203. To close, to come to an agreement.
205. Bay'd, brought to bay, or hemmed in, by enemies.
207. Sign'd, etc., stained by their havoc (spoil-ing) of thee and red with thy blood.
210. Does this pun strike you as improving the speech?
213. Modesty, moderation.
217. Prick'd, marked by pricking a hole beside a name in a list.
219. Therefore, for that purpose.
225. Of good regard, of good consideration, capable of being placed in a favorable light.
229. Produce, bring out.
231. In the order of his funeral, in the course of the ceremonies which attend his funeral.
234. In his funeral, during his funeral ceremonies.
237. By your pardon, by your leave I will explain.
243. It shall advantage, it shall be of advantage or profit to us.
244. Fall, happen.
258. Tide of times, course and current of time.
270. Fell, fierce and cruel.
271. Ranging, roaming like a wild beast for prey.
272. Ate, the old goddess of discord and mischief.
273. Confines, borders, territories.
274. Cry "Havoc." In olden times this cry was the signal that no quarter was to be given.
- Dogs of war, sword, fire, and famine.
276. Groaning for burial. It is

still sometimes said of a corpse which begins to show signs of decomposition that "it calls out loudly for the earth."

283. Passion, sorrow.

298. Lend me your hand, help me.

SCENE II

1. Satisfied. See iii, 1, 143.

4. Part the numbers, divide the crowd.

7. Rendered, given.

9. And compare, and let us compare.

13. Lovers, friends.

16. Censure me, judge me, form an opinion of me.

28. So rude, so barbarous, uncultured.

36. The question of his death, a statement of the reasons why he was put to death.

Enroll'd, formally recorded, registered.

37. Extenuated, lessened.

38. Enforced, urged unduly.

55. Do grace, show respect, do honor.

58. Not a man depart, let not a man depart.

59. Spoke, spoken.

61. Public chair, the pulpit or rostrum from which Brutus had spoken.

63. Beholding, indebted, obliged.

72. To bury Cæsar. S. was thinking of his own time and country. Before Cæsar's time the custom of burning the dead had come into use in Rome.

75. So let it be with Cæsar, let his goodness be left out of sight and not be the theme of my praise.

78. Answer'd it, been punished for it.

87. General coffers, the public treasury.

93. On the Lupercal, on the day of the feast of Lupercalia.

97. Honorable. Of course these repetitions of "honorable" are intensely ironical, but irony must be kept out of the voice in pronouncing them. Antony was in

so delicate a situation that he did not dare to betray his real feelings until he got his audience fully in his power.

101. To mourn, from mourning.

105. Must pause. Antony adroitly waits to let his words take effect and to see what progress he is making in rousing such emotions as he desires in the people.

112. Will dear abide it, will suffer dearly for it.

118. And none so poor, etc., and there are none so humble but that Cæsar is now beneath their reverence.

125. Than I will wrong. The construction requires "Than to wrong."

128. The commons, the common people.

131. Napkins, handkerchiefs.

148. I have o'ershot myself, I have gone too far, farther than I intended.

149. Honorable men. Antony now sees that he has the people with him, and he dares to declare his feelings plainly, and to use plain speech,—*whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar*.

163. Stand from the hearse, stand away from it.

165. Far, farther.

166. Bear back, get farther back.

171. That day he overcame the Nervii. One of Cæsar's most decisive battles.

173. Envious, malicious.

177. As, as if.

Resolved, informed or assured.

179. Cæsar's angel, as inseparable from him as his guardian angel or genius.

190. Flourish'd, triumphed.

192. Dint, impression.

194. Look you here. Antony strips off the mantle and shows Cæsar's body.

195. Marr'd, disfigured, mangled.

202. About, go about, set to work.

211. Private griefs, personal grievances.

214. To steal away your hearts, to deceive you by working on your feelings.

219. Wit, understanding.

221. Right on, in a straightforward manner, without art or premeditation.

241. Several, separate.

The drachma was a Greek coin equal to about 7d. English. In fact, Cæsar left to each Roman citizen by his will an amount of money equivalent to about \$14, which would probably have gone as far in clothing and feeding a person as \$100 in our time.

248. On this side Tiber. This is a mistake which the French translator of Plutarch made. Cæsar's gardens were *beyond* the Tiber, as a Roman would say, or on the right bank.

250. To walk abroad, to walk about in.

253. Holy place, that part of the Forum devoted to the burning of the dead.

257. Forms, long seats, or benches, like those in a schoolroom.

264. Will I straight? will I go immediately.

265. Upon a wish, just as I wished.

269. Belike, probably.

Some notice of the people, some information respecting or about the people.

270. Bring, conduct.

SCENE III

In acting copies of the play this Scene is omitted. It has no bearing on the plot. It only serves to show how well Antony had done his work.

2. Unlucky, ill-boding, portentous.

Charge my fantasy, weigh upon my imagination.

3. Forth of doors, out-of-doors.

12. You were best, it were best for you.

18. You'll bear me a bang, you'll get a blow from me.

34. Turn him going, send him adrift.

36. To Brutus', etc., to Brutus'

ACT IV—SCENE I

Lines 10 and 11 show the place of this meeting to be at Rome. But the real scene of the meeting of the Triumvirs was a small island in the Reno near Bologna.

1. These many, so many as have been enumerated.

Prick'd. See same word in Act iii, 1, 217.

6. I damn him, I condemn him to death. *Damn* is often used in the New Testament in the sense of *condemn*.

9. Charge, expense.

12. Slight, insignificant, worthless, Unmeritable, without merit, undeserving.

14. Three-fold, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

15. So you thought him, fit to share the empire.

16. Voice, vote.

17. Proscription, the act of doom-ing to death without trial.

26. Empty, unloaded.

27. In commons, the pasture land open to everybody.

30. Appoint, assign.

Proverder, provision.

32. To wind, to turn, wheel.

34. In some taste, in some sense or degree.

36. Barren-spirited, dull, wanting in invention.

That feeds on objects, arts and imitations, one who accepts cast-away objects and manners.

38. Staled, made common.

39. Begin his fashion, are the newest fashion with him.

40. Property, a thing to be treated quite as we please.

41. Listen to great things.

42. Powers, forces, troops.

Make head, raise an army.

44. Our best friends made, let us make the best friends we can.

Means stretch'd out, all our resources brought into play.

45. Go sit in council, consult.

47. Surest answered, most safely met.

49. And bay'd about. One of the old English sports was to tie a bear to a stake, and then set dogs to worrying or baying him.

SCENE II

2. Word, the watchword.
6. Greets me well, his greeting is friendly.
7. Own charge, etc., either by his own orders or by unworthy subordinates.
10. I shall be satisfied, shall receive a satisfactory explanation.
13. Doubted, distrusted, suspected.
14. Resolved. See iii, 1, 132.
16. Familiar instances, marks or proofs of familiarity.
23. Hot at hand, when held in, restrained.
26. Fall, lower, let down.
Jades, worthless horses.
29. Horse in general, main body of cavalry.
41. Be content, contain yourself, be calm.
46. Enlarge your griefs, set forth your grievances fully.
49. From, away from.

SCENE III

2. Noted, stigmatized, branded with disgrace.
5. Slighted off, put off with slight attention.
6. To write, by writing.
8. Nice, trifling, petty.
His, its.
10. Condemn'd to have, condemn'd for having.
11. Mart, to trade or market.
20. What villain, etc., who that touched his body was such a villain that he stabbed from any other motive than justice?
23. For supporting robbers, for maintaining a large army which subsisted largely by plunder.
27. Bay, bark at.
30. To hedge me in, to put me under restraint.
31. Practice, experience.
32. To make conditions, to arrange terms on which offices should be conferred.

36. Have mind upon your health, look to your safety.

Tempt, provoke.

37. Slight, insignificant.

39. Choler, anger.

45. Observe you, watch your caprices, show you respect.

47. The spleen was thought in S.'s time to be the seat of all the violent emotions, including anger.

74. Hard hands of peasants, hands worn hard with toil.

75. Indirection, crooked or dishonorable means.

80. To lock, as to lock.

Rascal, worthless, base.

Counters, round pieces of cheap metal used in making calculations.

87. I do not. These words refer only to the general tenor of Cassius' speech. Brutus does not admit that he exaggerates, but only that he calls attention to Cassius' faults when they are practiced upon himself.

93. Alone on Cassius, on Cassius only.

95. Braved, defied, browbeaten.

101. Plutus, the god of riches.

107. It shall have scope, it shall have free play.

108. Dishonor shall be humor, any indignity that you offer shall be regarded as a mere caprice of the moment.

111. Enforced, struck with violence.

112. Straight, instantly.

135. These jiggling fools, these rhyming fools.

136. Companion, used contemptuously, as we now use *fellow*.

143. Brutus, like Cato, was a Stoic, a philosopher who believed that men should be indifferent alike to pleasure and pain, to adversity and prosperity, etc.; that the chief end of life is to become superior to outward conditions.

144. Give place, give way.

150. Upon what sickness? in consequence of what sickness?

Impatient, etc. The sense is

clear enough though there is a mixture of constructions.

151. With, and.

153. Distract, distracted.

163. Call in question, consider, discuss.

167. Power, force, army.

168. Bending their expedition, directing their march.

Philippl. In northern Greece.

171. Bills of outlawry, papers declaring men outlaws.

181. Writ, written.

188. Why, used as an interjection.

189. Once, some time or other.

192. Art, theory.

194. To our work alive, let us become alive to our work and waste no more time in speaking of the dead.

195. Presently, at once.

199. Doing himself offence, injuring himself.

201. Of force, of necessity.

205. Along by them, through their country.

206. By them, by means of them.

212. Tried the utmost of, got all we possibly can from.

218. Omitted, neglected.

222. Ventures, that which is risked or ventured.

226. Which we will niggard, which we will treat in a stingy way.

229. Gown, dressing-gown.

239. Poor knave, poor lad.

O'er-watched, worn out with watching.

245. Raise, rouse.

256. An't please you, if it please you.

260. Bloods, persons.

266. Mace, scepter. It is called leaden from its causing heaviness.

Slumber is called murderous because sleep is regarded as the image of death. Lucius is spoken of as playing music to slumber because the purpose of his music is to soothe his master's mind and put him to sleep.

272. Left reading, left off reading.

278. To stare, to stand on epd.

279. Speak to me what thou art, tell me, etc.

306. Set on, put in motion.

Betimes, early, in good time

ACT V—SCENE I

1. Answered, fulfilled.

4. Their battles, their battalions or forces.

5. Warn, challenge.

7. Tut, pooh, pooh.

I am in their bosoms, I know their secrets.

8. They could be content, they would be very glad.

10. With fearful bravery, with terrible display or show of bravery.

This face, this bold front.

14. Sign of battle, a scarlet coat.

15. Something (is) to be done.

16. Battle, as before.

Softly, slowly.

17. Left hand, the left wing.

The even field, the level plain.

19. Exigent, exigency, extremity.

24. Answer on their charge, await their onset.

25. Make forth, go forward.

33. Posture, location, nature, tendency. The predicate *are* is a mistake, many of which occur in S.

34. Hybla, in Sicily, famous for its honey.

38. Threat, threaten.

47. What does Cassius refer to?

52. Goes up, goes back into its sheath.

53. Three-and-thirty. The actual number according to history was three-and-twenty.

54. Another Cæsar, himself.

55. Have added slaughter, etc., have made the sword of traitors slay another victim.

59. Strain, stock, race.

61. Peevish, foolish. Octavius was but twenty-one.

Worthless of such honor, unworthy of the honor of being "join'd with a masker and a reveler."

63. Old Cassius still! as sharp of tongue as of old.
66. Stomachs, appetite.
74. As Pompey was. At the disastrous battle of Pharsalia Pompey was overruled by his officers.
76. I held Epicurus strong, I held firmly to the doctrine of Epicurus. One of his doctrines was that the gods had no concern in human affairs and that hence consulting omens was foolish.
78. That do presage, that foretell the future.
79. Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia.
82. Consorted, accompanied, attended.
86. As, as if.
91. Constantly, firmly.
92. Even so Lucilius. Brutus answers something that Lucilius has just said.
95. Still uncertain, always doubtful.
101. Cato committed suicide.
104. Of what might fall, of what might happen.
- To prevent, to anticipate.
105. Time of life, the time when life naturally comes to an end.
106. To stay, to await.
111. Brutus casts away his philosophy at the thought of being led a captive to Rome.
21. Regard, watch. Cassius was near-sighted.
25. His compass, its course.
31. 'Light, dismount.
37. Parthia, a country in Asia Minor.
38. Swore thee, made thee swear. Saving of thy life, in saving thy life.
41. Freeman. A war captive was free on the death of his master.
42. Search, pierce.
43. Hilt, hilt, a common usage in S.'s time.
51. Change, exchange. What they had lost on the one hand they had gained on the other.
65. Mistrust, doubt.
66. Success. In S.'s time *success* was a neutral word, signifying result, issue. Hence "good success" was not redundant as it would be now.
68. Apt, susceptible, ready to receive impressions.
71. The mother, the mind in which the error was conceived.
85. Hold thee. An exclamation.
87. Apace, rapidly.
88. How I regarded, what respect I paid.
89. This, falling on his own sword to show his sorrow at Cassius' death.
96. In, into.

SCENE II

1. Bills, written orders.
2. Legions on the other side, legions commanded by Cassius.
3. Set on, advance.
5. Push, attack.

SCENE III

1. Villains, his own soldiers.
 3. Ensign, either the flag or the bearer of it.
 4. It, the ensign.
 7. Took it too eagerly, followed up the advantage too eagerly.
- Fell to spoil, went to plundering the captured camp.

11. Far', farther.
19. With a thought, as quick as thought.

- Own proper, emphatic, *proper* being equivalent to own.
104. Thassos. An island in the Aegean Sea.
 105. Funerals, funeral.

SCENE IV

2. What bastard doth not? who is so baseborn that he doth not?
 12. Only I yield to die, I yield only to die.
 13. There is so much that, etc. There is so much money on condition, etc.
- Straight, immediately.

SCENE V

3. Came not, has not come.
42. Have but labor'd to attain, have labored only to attain.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 45. Respect, reputation. | 62. Prefer, recommend. |
| 46. Smack, flavor, tincture. | 78. His bones, dead body. |
| 60. I will entertain them, I will
take them into my service. | 79. Order'd honorably, laid out in
a proper way. |
| 61. Bestow, employ, spend. | 80. The field, the soldiers in the
battle-field. |

COMMENTS

DATE OF THE PLAY

[In preparing the notes, use has been made of the notes and sometimes of the language of Verity's excellent edition of Julius Cæsar, but compression has been so imperative that it has not been practicable to give credit each time where it properly belongs.]

The tragedy of Julius Cæsar first appeared in print in 1623, although there is some reason to believe that it was written about 1600. The evidence on this point can be found in the Clarendon Press edition of the play.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The material of the play Shakespeare got from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives.*

The Lives had been translated into French by Bishop Amiot in 1559. This French version was turned into English by Sir Thomas North in 1579. It was in this book that Shakespeare found his Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, taking the incidents as recorded there, sometimes adding a touch of his own, sometimes changing them a little the better to suit his purpose, sometimes adopting the very words of Sir Thomas North.

THE LIFE OF CÆSAR

Caius Julius Cæsar was born in 100 B.C., in the month of July, which took its name from him. He belonged to a family which had long been prominent in the state, and he early en-

* Plutarch was a learned but rather gossipy Greek writer whose productive years came between 50 and 100 A. D. His most celebrated work, and one which the world ranks among its great books, is his lives of forty-six celebrated Greeks and Romans. For the most part they are written in pairs, the life of a great Greek being coupled with the life of a great Roman.

tered into public life, being elected Questor in 68 B.C., ædile in 65, Pontifex Maximus in 63, Prætor in 62, and Consul in 60. He showed the highest ability in every position which he held, and in every enterprise which he undertook. He made himself famous as a military commander by his conquest of Gaul, of which province he had command for eight years. His eminence and success made his friend and rival, Pompey, and the Senate, jealous of him, and as a consequence civil war broke out between his adherents and those of Pompey. After defeating his opponents in battles in Greece, Africa, and Spain, in which Pompey and one of his sons were slain, Cæsar became, 45 B.C., Master of the Roman world and was appointed Dictator for life, the position of highest authority and influence possible in the world at that time.

At this point in his career, by the most wicked and foolish conspiracy ever planned, Cæsar was murdered on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., in a meeting of the Senate, and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, covered with wounds from head to foot, only one, however, being fatal. Dante, in his great poem, has expressed the general sentiment of mankind by describing Lucifer as holding in torment, at the very bottom of the pit of hell, the three greatest malefactors the world has ever seen, Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot. Goethe, the great German writer, pronounces the assassination the most senseless deed that ever was done.

OUTLINE OF THE PLAY

Rome is having a grand holiday on the occasion of the "triumph" awarded to Cæsar for his success in Spain, and the streets are thronged with people of all classes, full of enthusiasm for the man whose achievements they feebly comprehend beyond the fact that to him they owe a holiday and a great feast. In the midst of the shouting and cheering in Cæsar's honor we are made aware of dark hostility towards him which grows into an organized conspiracy right before our eyes. The second Act shows the ripening of the conspiracy and brings us close to the crisis. Early in the third Act the crisis comes, fol-

lowed by strong evidence that vengeance is sure to pursue the assassins. The remainder of the play traces their downfall. Cæsar's avengers combine while his murderers disagree in a manner that leaves small hope of ultimate success. Their friends at Rome are proscribed; Portia dies; the apparition warns Brutus; evil omens dismay the soldiers; on the eve of battle Cassius and Brutus bid each other an "everlasting farewell," and in their self-inflicted deaths, "Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge," is appeased.

THE HISTORIC PERIOD OF THE PLAY

As a matter of history the chief events alluded to in the play occurred on the following dates:

Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C.

The Lupercal, Cæsar's refusal of the crown, Feb. 15, 44.

The Assassination, March 15, 44.

The Funeral, March 19 or 20, 44.

Arrival of Octavius at Rome, May, 44.

Formation of the Triumvirate, Octavius, Antony, Lepidus.
Proscriptions at Rome, November, 43.

Battles of Philippi, October, 42.

The play compresses all this history into six days separated by intervals, thus:

Day 1. Act I, Scenes 1 and 2. Feb. 15, 45.

Interval.

" II. Act 1 Scene 3. March 14, 45.

" III. Acts II and III. March 15, 45.

Interval.

" IV. Act IV, Scene 1. In November, 43

Interval.

" V. Act IV, Scenes 2 and 3.

Interval.

" VI. Act V. October, 42.

TITLE OF THE PLAY

It is maintained by some critics that "Brutus" would be a more appropriate name for the play than "Julius Cæsar." It is true that Brutus is the most prominent actor, and that Cæsar

appears in only three scenes and does not present an impressive figure, yet it is the fate of Cæsar and the just retribution that follows his murder which give unity of action to the play, and not the evolution of the character of Brutus. The tragedy is built round Cæsar. Though in the working out of the plot Brutus, Cassius, and Antony each plays a more conspicuous part than the Dictator, yet as an overmastering but unseen presence he controls every event, and is the inspiring cause of the whole drama.

HISTORICAL TRUTH OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare's main purpose was to write a good and attractive play, not to give a lesson in history. Hence he wisely took such liberties with the facts of history as his purpose required. For example, he makes Cæsar's "triumph" occur on the day of the Lupercal instead of six months before. He places the murder of Cæsar in the Capitol building, not in the Curia Pompeiana* where it really occurred. The poet assigns the murder, the reading of the will, the funeral and Antony's oration, and Octavius' arrival at Rome, all to the same day, whereas they occurred on different days, the latter event nearly two months after the others. There were two battles of Philippi, twenty days apart, Cassius falling in the first battle, and Brutus after the second. Shakespeare combines the two battles into one.

But these are not important points. In all essentials, excepting the character given to Cæsar, the play is true to history. The disapproval shown of Cæsar's desire to receive the title of King; the motives of the conspirators; the relation of Brutus to Cæsar and to his fellow conspirators; the folly and consequence of their action,—all these essentials are depicted with truth and vividness.

* This Curia was a hall with one side curved and furnished with tiers of seats. It was used for meetings of the Senate. In the center was a colossal statue of Pompey, erected by the city in his honor because of the beautiful building—the first theater in Rome built of stone—which he had dedicated to the public. It was near this statue that Cæsar was murdered.

WHY IS CAESAR "REDUCED" IN THE PLAY

As to why Shakespeare presents in the play such a mere caricature of the real Cæsar, this may be said:

In the first place, as a true artist the poet must have realized the impossibility of adequately portraying in a drama the "noble Julius," the most able and perfect all-round man the world has ever seen. Any attempt to do his full character justice could hardly avoid being ridiculous. In the second place, if the poet had presented Cæsar, even approximately, as history reports him, the folly and crime of his murder would have been so aggravated in view of the loss which the world suffered by it, that the scene would be so painful as to be revolting. For the same reason Shakespeare somewhat idealizes the character of Brutus. To have had the "foremost man of all this world" killed by a band of assassins who were led by a man of no nobler character and exalted motives than the Brutus of history would have been too shocking. Cæsar had to be diminished and Brutus somewhat magnified for the sake of dramatic harmony and effect.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF RHYME AND PROSE

Why does Shakespeare so regularly end his scenes with a rhyming couplet? is not an important question. It may have been in order to give a cue to players or audience. There is more force in the question, On what principle does Shakespeare make the same character speak at one time in verse and again in prose? To this we have seen no satisfactory answer. It is altogether likely that the poet would say the thoughts just happened to phrase themselves as they did without any special design on his part.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER



THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER
IN SEVEN PARTS



*It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.*

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me ?

An ancient Mariner
meeteth three
gallants bidden
to a wedding-
feast, and detain-
eth one.

“ The Bridegroom’s doors are open wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”



*Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill.*

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“ There was a ship,” quoth he.
“ Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

“ The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music, but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.



*Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.*

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong:
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

**The ship drawn
 by a storm to-
 ward the south
 pole.**

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,



*And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.*

And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
 and of fearful
 sounds where no
 living thing
 was to be seen.

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen:
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-
 bird, called the
 Albatross, came
 through the
 snow-fog, and
 was received
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

“ At length did cross an Albatross,
 Thorough the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hail'd it in God's name.

“ It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through.

And lo! the Al-
 batross proveth
 a bird of good
 omen, and fol-
 loweth the ship
 as it returned

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

“ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, northward
through fog and
floating ice.
It perched for vespers nine;



*And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo.*

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

The ancient
Mariner inhospitably killeth

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—



*With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.*

the pious bird of good omen. Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."



*"Ah, wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!"*

PART II.

"THE Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

“ And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient
Mariner, for
killing the bird
of good luck.

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
‘ Ah wretch’ said they, ‘the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!’

But when the
fog cleared off,
they justify the
same, and thus
make themselves
accomplices in
the crime.

“ Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
‘ ’Twas right,’ said they, ‘such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.’

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till it
reaches the
Line.

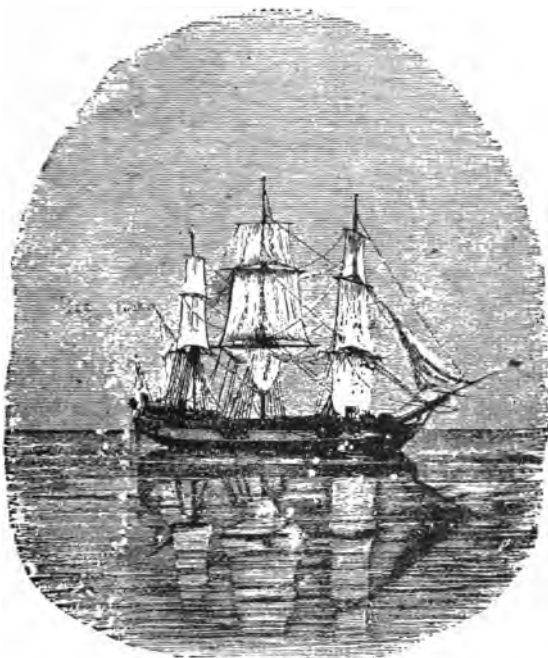
“ The fair breeze blew, and the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

“ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

“ All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

“ Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.



*As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.*

“ Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be
avenged.

“ The very deep did rot. O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.



*Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.*

“ About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

“ And some in dreams assurèd were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so;
 Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
 From the land of mist and snow.

“ And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

A spirit hath followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels: concerning whom the learned Jew,

“ Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.”

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner, in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.



*When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.*

PART III.

The ancient
Mariner behold-
eth a sign in the
element afar off.

“ THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
• How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

“ At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

“ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm. I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy:

“ See! see! (I cried) ‘she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!’

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

“ The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;



*When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.*

When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

- “ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars.
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.
- It seemeth him
but the skeleton
of a ship.
- “ Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?
- “ Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman’s mate?
- And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting Sun.
The Spectre-
Woman and her
Death mate, and
no other, on
board the skele-
ton-ship.
- “ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.
- Like vessel, like
crew!
- “ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
‘ The game is done! I’ve, I’ve won!’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.
- Death and Life-
in-Death have
diced for the
ship’s crew:
She (the latter)
winneth the an-
cient Mariner.
- “ The Sun’s rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.
- No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

At the rising of
the Moon,

“ We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after
another,

“ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates
drop down dead.

“ Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins her
work on the an-
cient Mariner.

“ The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!”



*I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!*

PART IV.

“ I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to re-
late his horrible
penance.

“ I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

“ The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth
that they should
live, and so
many lie dead.

“ I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

“ I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

“ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they:
 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away.

But the curse
 liveth for him in
 the eye of the
 dead men.

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man’s eye!
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

“ The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide:
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

In his loneliness
 and fixedness he
 yearneth toward
 the journeying
 Moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward;
 and everywhere
 the blue sky be-

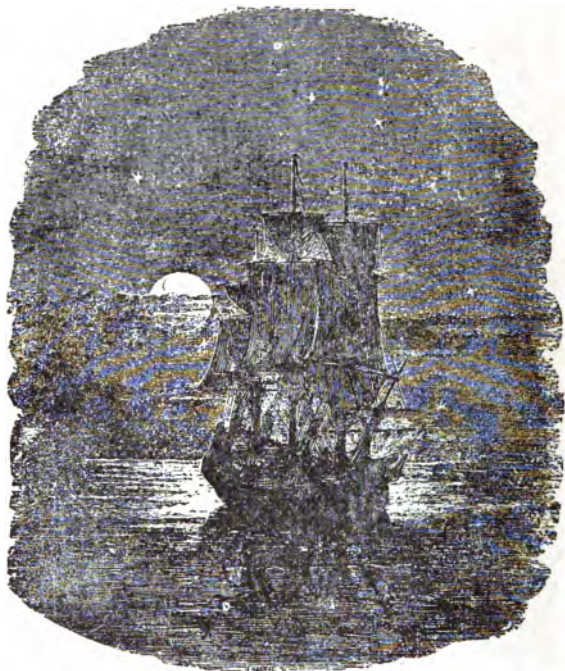
longs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native
 country and their own natural homes, which they enter unan-
 nounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a
 silent joy at their arrival.

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread;
 But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes:
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of
 the Moon he be-
 holdeth God’s
 creatures of the
 great calm.

“ Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:



*The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide.*

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

“ O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,

Their beauty
 and their hap-
 piness.



*A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware.*

And I blessed them unaware:
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth
 them in his
 heart.

The spell begins
to break.

“ The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

“ Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner
is refreshed with
rain.

“ The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

“ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

“ I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

- “ And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.
- He heareth
sounds, and seeth
strange sights
and commotions
in the sky and
the elements.
- “ The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
’The wan stars danced between.
- “ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud
The Moon was at its edge.
- “ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.
- “ The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.
- The bodies of
the ship’s crew
are inspired,
and the ship
moves on;
- “ They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

“ The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze upblew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do :
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

“ The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said naught to me.”

But not by the
 souls of the men,
 nor by demons
 of earth or mid-
 die air but by a
 blessed troop of
 angelic spirits,
 sent down by the
 invocation of the
 guardian saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”
 “ Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :
 For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And cluster'd round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now ’t was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;



*Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe.*

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

“ It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as the
Line, in obedi-
ence to the
angelic troop
but still requir-
eth vengeance.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;

The Polar Spirit
it's fellow de-
mons, the invis-
ible inhabitants



*I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.*

But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

of the element,
take part in his
wrong; and two
of them relate,
one to the other,

that penance
long and heavy,
for the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded to
the Polar Spirit,
who returneth
southward.

“ ‘ Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

“ ‘ The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

“ The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’ ”

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE

“ ‘ BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?’

SECOND VOICE

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord.
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast.

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

" ' But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

" ' The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

" ' Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
 Or we shall be belated:
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

" ' I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high
 The dead men stood together.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance; for
 the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than hu-
 man life can
 endure.

The supernatural
 motion is re-
 tardcd; the Mariner
 awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

" ' All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

" ' The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
finally expiated.

“ And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

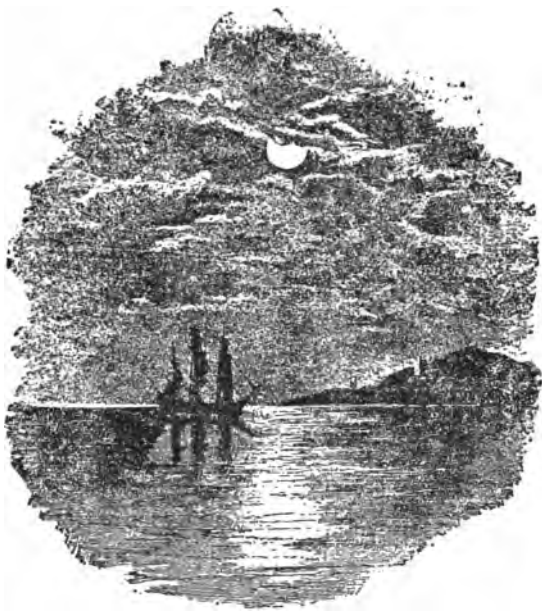
“ It raised my hair, it fann’d my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his na-
tive country.

“ Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

“ We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.



*And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.*

“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

“The rocks shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

The angelic
spirits leave the
dead bodies,

“And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

and appear in
their own forms
of light.

“A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

“Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

“This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand.
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

“ But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot’s cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

“ The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

“ I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He’ll shrive my soul, he’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.”

PART VII.

“ THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of
the wood

“ He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

“ The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 ‘ Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now?’



*The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 “Why, this is strange, I trow.”*

Approacheth the
 ship with wonder.

“ ‘ Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said—
 ‘ And they answered not our cheer.
 The planks looked warped! And see those sails
 How thin they are and sere!

I never saw aught like to them
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’ ”

“ ‘ Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared’—‘Push on, push on!’
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot’s boat.

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;



*The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred.*

And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

“ I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;



*I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go.*

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“ I took the oars: the Pilot’s boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 ‘ Ha! ha!’ quoth he, ‘ full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.’

“ And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Ma-
 riner earnestly
 entreateth the
 Hermit to
 shrieve him;
 and the penance
 of life falls on
 him:

“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!’
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 ‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou?’

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

And ever and
 anon throughout
 his future life an
 agony constrain-
 eth him to travel
 from land to
 land,

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns:
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

“ I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me:
 To him my tale I teach.

“What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:



*To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray.*

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“ O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

“ To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by
his own exam-
ple, love and
reverence to all
things that God
made and
loveth.

“ Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn.

NOTES

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Stanza 1. To help the movement of the story the speaker, in this stanza and in others, is merely suggested not indicated.

3. *What accounts for the Mariner's abrupt opening*, "There was a ship!"

Eftsoons. Immediately. In the stanzas that follow notice how rapidly the story unfolds.

8. Where must the ship have been in order to have the sun directly above the mast at noon?

9. *Nodding*. Suggesting the effect of the music.

14. *Drifts*. The drifting mists.

Clifts. Cliffs, the walls of the icebergs.

15. *Swoond*. Swoon.

19. *Shroud*. What is the meaning here?

Vespers. The evening prayer service in the Catholic Church. Here it means evenings.

20. Another instance of vivid suggestion in place of description. The hearer's exclamation explains clearly the expression on the Mariner's face.

21. *Upon the right*. The ship must have been sailing which way, north or south?

25. What is meant by the furrow following free?

39. *Grin*. Suggests the distortions of the face caused by thirst.

41. *Drove*. Do you see any special fitness in the use of this word as the ship comes right between them and the Sun?

47. *Courts of the Sun*. (In the Gloss), are the tropics.

58. Do you get a feeling of weariness from any peculiarity in the structure of this stanza?

67. *Mary Queen*. The Holy Mother.

68. *Silly*. Useless, because of the drouth.

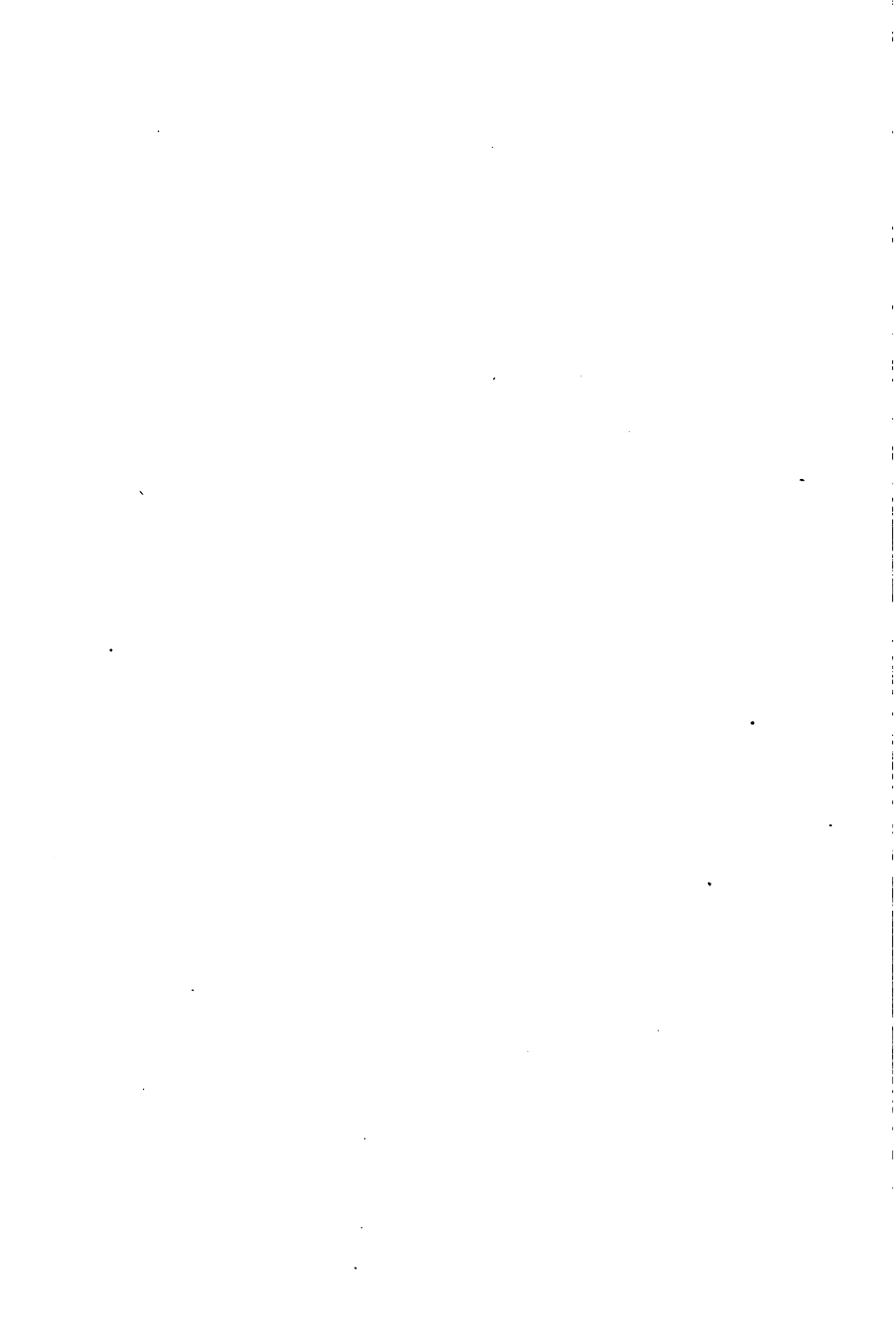
95. *If he may know*. To see if he can discover.

106. Notice that the lighthouse, the hill and the church re-appear in the reverse order of their disappearance.

107. *O let me be awake*. O let me prove to be really awake.

122. *Ivy-tod*. A bush generally of ivy.

142. *Of sense forlorn*. Bereft of the power of feeling.



THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD



INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF GRAY

The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard is in striking contrast, both in subject and style, with The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. While the latter is remarkable in its condensation of expression, in its way of conveying thought by suggestion, and in its rapidity of movement, the former is methodical and sedate, and everything that is meant is expressed, provided the reader knows how to read. But both poems are the products of genius, and show unusual power and facility in the use of language.

The authors of these two poems are alike in several respects. Each, in his day, was eminent for his scholarship, the two with Milton being the three English poets most noted for their wide study and learning. Each, in comparison with other poets, produced but a small amount of poetry, but that small amount included a very perfect and conspicuous masterpiece. Each, from a defect in character, distinctly failed to achieve in life results which on the whole were commensurate with his talents and opportunities.

Thomas Gray was born December 26, 1716, in London. His father, a money scrivener, was a profligate who neglected even to support his family. Gray's mother was a woman of character, who not only sup-

ported herself but also maintained her son at Cambridge University. The attachment between the future poet,—the only one in a family of twelve children to live through infancy,—and his mother was particularly close and tender.

By the help of his uncle, an assistant master at Eton, Gray had the advantage of attending school there, and, in regular course, in 1734, he entered Cambridge. When he left the University, without a degree, however, he intended to study law. But at that time, by the death of his father, he came into possession of an income that was sufficient to support him and so he abandoned the thought of becoming a lawyer and devoted his time to travel and study. He traveled in France and Italy, among the English lakes, in Wales, and in Scotland. He studied architecture, botany, the classics and other literatures, music, painting, zoology, history, heraldry. He gratified a natural appetite by studying nearly everything, and thus became the most accomplished scholar of his day. In 1757 he was offered the laureateship, but not deeming it an honor he declined the offer. He wrote a few poems,—in all about 1,400 lines,—was a pleasant letter-writer and planned many literary schemes. He lived most of his days at Cambridge. When in 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public, Gray went to London and lived for nearly three years in the neighborhood of the museum studying and transcribing historical documents, toil which seems to have borne no more fruit than much of his other labor. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of

Modern History in Cambridge University, but he never delivered any lectures. He died in Cambridge in 1771, in his fifty-fifth year, and was buried in Stoke Pogis churchyard by the side of his mother.

Gray seems to have needed the spur of necessity which compels men to exert themselves and bring forth their best. Though he was by no means indolent he did not put his life into deeds as a person of nobler mold would have done; while he was a man of vast erudition he lacked the push of ambition and productive impulse. His taste, though fastidious, was pure, his genius was of high order, and his mind insatiable; but his heart was not "pregnant with celestial fire," and that "noble rage," the absence of which in others he attributes to "chill penury," was wholly wanting in him, although he never felt the repressing influence of poverty. His cloistered life at Cambridge gave him neither creative stimulus nor sympathetic touch with mankind. He spent his days in strenuous idleness, heaping up riches of the mind, but distributing very little to his fellows. Perhaps few men of such high attainments and great powers have achieved so little for the world's benefit.

Milton, who lived a hundred years before him, was a poet of like attainments in culture. But Milton, though recognizing the duty of self-culture, turned his talents to noble uses. His life was true to his own sentiment:

"All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye."

Of Gray it is said: "He could not bear to be thought a professed man of letters, but wished to be regarded as a private gentleman who read for his amusement."

In person and dress Gray was very nice, almost effeminate. In fact, he seems to have been quite a dandy. His handwriting was very dainty and elegant. In his rooms he was as neat and particular as in his person.

In manners he was polished though shy and reserved. He was an invalid, and of a melancholy temperament. He was versed, more or less, in every branch of knowledge except mathematics and theology. He played on the harpsichord and had a cultivated taste in matters of art.

The ideas conveyed in Gray's poetry are not original but rather commonplace. Lowell thinks the *Elegy* owes its popularity more to originality of expression than of thought. But this alone would not explain the hold it has taken upon the hearts of all classes. The simplicity of its language,—the highest triumph of art,—and the depth and sincerity of the emotions evoked by thoughts and reflections common to all mankind, certainly have much to do with the popularity of the poem.

Of Gray's other poems the best are his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," "The Progress of Poesy," and "The Bard." His ode on "Spring," "On the Death of a Favorite Cat," and his "Hymn to Adversity," are also well worth attention. In his

first published piece, his Eton College ode, occurs the phrase, now become a proverb, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." In fact, the reader of Gray will be surprised at the number of lines he will come across with which he is familiar as proverbs or sentiments but which he has not known the origin of.

COMMENTS ON THE ELEGY

[In preparing the following commentary and notes free use has been made of "Hale's Longer English Poems," a book which every teacher of English literature will find a valuable aid.]

This poem was begun in the year 1742 and finished in 1749. Of a few copies privately given to friends, one fell into the hands of a magazine publisher, and so got into print, to Gray's annoyance, who then published it himself.

The Elegy was received with delight and soon ran through eleven editions. Its popularity surprised its author. It was probably conceived and many of the stanzas written in the churchyard which was nearest his home and which afterwards received his mother's remains and his own.

Some stanzas, at first included in the poem but afterwards rejected by the author's severe self criticism, are given in the notes below.

Notwithstanding his meager output, Gray gave to the world this immortal poem, and the life that did that was not a life thrown away. It is related that the night before the capture of Quebec, as the British troops were drifting in darkness and silence down the

St. Lawrence, General Wolfe repeated Gray's *Elegy* to his companions. When he had concluded the recitation he remarked, "Gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." This is an estimate in which all mankind has concurred. The poem has been translated into all the languages of Europe, in some cases several times, as well as into Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

The *Elegy* is probably the most widely known poem in our language. Many of its phrases and lines have become household words. The reason of its great popularity is believed to lie in the fact that it expresses in a most happy manner thoughts and feelings which we all have. The reflections are of the most natural character. Any one musing under similar circumstances would have very much the same thoughts. The poem deals with these ideas in no exalted or philosophical manner, but in a simple and humble way which the most unlettered reader can understand.

The poet's thoughts turn to the poor. He forgets the fine tombs inside the church and thinks only of the moldering heaps in the churchyard. He thinks of the "rude forefathers" lying at his feet and wonders what each might have been or might have done if his circumstances in life had been different. Of course he can not answer his own question, but his manner of putting it has become a living part of our language.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
10 The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

- ²⁵ Oft did the harvest to their sickles yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
³⁰ Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
³⁵ Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
⁴⁰ The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

- ⁴⁵ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
50 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
55 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
60 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

65 Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
70 To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

75 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture decked

80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
95 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
100 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pour upon the brook that babbles by.

¹⁰⁵ "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
¹¹⁰ Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
¹¹⁵ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beyond yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
¹²⁰ And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had a tear:
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

¹²⁵ No farther seeks his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

NOTES

GRAY'S ELEGY

After reading the poem through carefully, tell what are its leading thoughts. What stanzas contain each one? How many groups of stanzas are there?

Line 1. **Curfew.** It has been said that the curfew was established in England at the time of the Norman conquest as a mark and means of Saxon subjection. This is now regarded as a mistake. Fires were the curse of the wood-built towns of the middle ages, and the requirement that all lights in hovel and cottage should be put out at a certain signal was simply a precaution against fires and as much for the benefit of the conquered as for any one.

Parting, departing, a common meaning of the word in early English.

5. **On the sight.** Meaning of the phrase?

6. **Alr.** Subject or object?

7. **Droning,** humming dully like a drone.

8. What tinklings lulled the distant fold?

What is meant by a fold?

9. Where was the tower, do you suppose?

10. Why speak of the owl as moping?

12. **Reign,** realm.

What habit of the owl is alluded to in the word solitary?

13. In Gray's time, as well as before and after, the church-yard was the burial place for the poor, while the rich were entombed in the church. There were two reasons for this: (1) The interior of the church was regarded as a place of greater sanctity than outdoors, and all who could afford to sought a place within the church, a spot close beside the altar being the most desired. (2) When costly tombs were the

fashion they had to be built inside the church for security.

16. **Rude.** Unlettered, untutored.

18. What is your idea of a straw built shed? Having a thatched roof simply, or with sides consisting of stacks of straw? Did you ever see a shed of the latter kind?

20. Why is **shall** used instead of **will**?

22. **Ply her evening care.** Meaning?

26. **Glebe,** soil, sod.

33. **Boast of heraldry.** Heraldry includes the recording of genealogies. In all countries where an aristocracy is maintained, to be able to trace one's ancestry a long way back is a great distinction. This explains the meaning of the phrase. Pride of ancestry expresses the same thought.

38. **Trophies** are the things actually taken from an enemy and used as evidence of victory, or they are the signs or representations on medals, monuments, etc., of such conquests. Such medals and signs of conquest it was usual to place over the tomb of a man who had distinguished himself in war.

39. **Alsie.** This is the old French spelling, common in Gray's time. The better and more authoritative form is *aile*. A wing or lateral divisor of a church set off from the nave by a row of pillars.

Vault, arched roof.

Fretted, ornamented with frets or small bands intersecting each other at right angles.

41. **Storied urn,** the urn on which the record or story of a man's life is engraved and which is preserved and cherished by his descendants.

Animated bust, a life-like reproduction in marble or bronze of the bust of a great man.

43. What does **provoke** mean here?
46. **Celestial fire**. What is it? Simple ambition?
48. Do you see a needless or tautological word in this line?
49. **Their**. This stanza opens as if the preceding stanza had spoken of hearts or persons instead of using the singular noun, **heart**.
50. **Unroll**. How can this word be applied to a page? Can you explain the etymological meaning of the word *volume*?
57. **Hampden**, a wealthy English gentleman who had the bravery to refuse to pay the ship-money tax which the king, Charles I, demanded of his subjects without the authority of Parliament. This act of Hampden's inspired his fellow Englishmen with courage to resist the illegal exactions of the king, which finally led to the revolution of 1649. Hampden was a cousin of the great Cromwell.
58. **Little tyrant of the fields**, some lord who attempts to ride over his fields with his hounds in pursuit of game or otherwise to invade his rights.
59. Do you believe there are mute, inglorious Miltons in the world?
60. What does this line imply as to the poet's opinion of Oliver Cromwell? How is Cromwell looked upon today by his countrymen?
61. Where are the principal subject and predicate of the sentence beginning here?
- The applause of listening senates**. The great age of Parliamentary oratory in England was just beginning when the *Elegy* was written. The older Pitt had become famous for his eloquence.
64. **Read their history in a nation's eyes**. How can that be possible?
67. What is the subject of **forbade** in this line?
68. **Conscious truth**, truth that we are conscious of although we may try to disguise the fact.
70. **Ingenious shame, modesty**.
71. **Heap the shrine**, etc. In Gray's time, as well as later, it was quite common in England for a poet or other author to dedicate his book in language full of flattery to some rich nobleman, called a patron, from whom a substantial return in money or favors was received.
72. Here in the author's first MS.

"The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success,
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

"And thou, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

"Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."

- followed these four stanzas, which closed the poem:
73. Where would you expect to find the madding crowd? Are ignoble strifes confined to cities? Does the poet intimate that they are?
- Far** is an adverb modifying what?
77. **These bones**, the bones of these.
79. **Rimes**. This is the correct spelling. The *hy* as used by Gray and so common even at present seems to have been adopted through the mistaken notion that the word was derived from the Greek *rhythmus*. Like erroneous derivations, accepted at the time when words first began to be recorded in dictionaries, account for many other of our silent letters.
28. When this poem was written, elaborate epitaphs and elegies were quite the thing.
84. Do you see any grammatical error in this line?
89. This stanza in a most exquisite manner answers the question twice repeated in the preceding stanza. Do you see the climax which these answers form?
90. **Plous**, in the Latin sense of affectionate, loving.
93. **Thee**. Whom does this refer to?
95. **Chance**. What part of speech? What is the complete word?
101. As first published this stanza stood thus:
- "Him have we seen the greenwood-side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
What time the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."
111. **Another**. What is referred to?
115. **For thou canst read**. The ability to read was not so universal when Gray lived that it could be taken for granted.
116. Here in the early editions of the poem this stanza appeared, being afterwards omitted as making the parenthesis too long:
- "There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."





